

TWENTY CENTS



DECEMBER 17, 1956



WEATHERMAN
CARL-GUSTAF ROSSBY

\$6.00 A YEAR

(FROM U.S. POST OFFICE)

VOL. LXVIII NO. 25

Airborne Mule Skinner for today's Defense

Now to the service of supply comes a new idea in military logistics—air transports that rival the train in ton-mile cost. Newest and largest, now on the way, is the turbo-prop Douglas C-133.

About to undergo flight tests, C-133 packs the load of *five freight cars* into its huge hull, loads 96% of military or construction equipment—fully assembled and ready for action—through an adjustable platform ramp in its tail section.

Speed and range are still secret but C-133's ability to shuttle back and forth across oceans gives it the cargo potential of a 7000-ton ship. Cost drops drastically because C-133 gets material into action in hours, rather than weeks or months.

Biggest cargo transport—the Douglas C-133A

Development of the Douglas C-133 shrinks supply lines and bolsters America's armed strength. But the core of that strength is the personnel manning posts and aircraft. Ask your local recruiting officer about the opportunities in the U. S. Air Force.

Depend on **DOUGLAS**



First in Aviation

Only *Norelco* gives the wonderful shaving comfort of Rotary Blades!

Up to now, electric shavers have used a straight back-and-forth action. The blades changed direction thousands of times a minute. This often pinched and pulled, made irritation the price of a clean shave.



Only *Rotary Blades* can shave closely without skin irritation, and only *Norelco* has *Rotary Blades*. *Norelco's* blades never

stop, never change direction, shave with the smooth, continuous stroke of a barber's razor.

This Christmas, there's a better way to shave . . . without soap and water fuss, without skin irritation, without razor burn, without a break-in period. *Rotary Blades*, exclusive with *Norelco*, are electric shaving's first basic improvement in 22 years. Rotating beneath stationary skinguards, they *stroke* off whiskers cleanly, closely.

Any man on your gift list, no matter what shaving method he uses now, will welcome with enthusiasm this great forward step in shaving. He'll discover with his first *Rotary Blade* shave why *Norelco* is the largest-

selling electric shaver in the world, the fastest-growing shaver in the U. S. today.

More reasons why he'll love a *Norelco*: **1.** He can shave as close as he likes without hurting his face; blades are self-adjusting to shaving touch. **2.** Blades sharpen themselves every time he shaves. **3.** Genuine brush motor doesn't heat up. **4.** Lubricated for life. **5.** Quietest of all 4 leading shavers. **6.** Designed to fit the hand. **7.** Easiest shaver to clean. **8.** Exclusive skin-stretcher upends whiskers for skin-close shaves no matter which way they grow.

Norelco

PRECISION ROTARY ELECTRIC SHAVERS

Ask about 15-day **FREE** home trial—begins Dec. 26.
Offered by most drug, jewelry, appliance and department stores.

\$24⁹⁵
AC/DC
Model SC7750
with leather
travel case



For feminine grooming—*Lady Norelco's* Deluxe double-headed, #SC7767, AC/DC, \$4.95
Norelco's Debutante, #SC7780, AC/DC, \$9.95



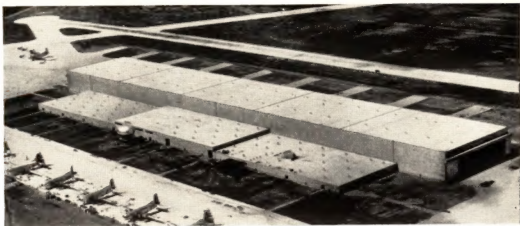
For outdoorsmen—*Norelco's* Sportsman runs on flashlight batteries or plugs into car lighter (6-volt or 12-volt), #SC7790, \$9.95

NORELCO is known as *PHILISHAVE* in Canada and throughout the rest of the free world. **NORTH AMERICAN PHILIPS COMPANY, INC.**, 100 E. 42nd Street, New York 17, N. Y. Other Products: High Fidelity Radio-Phonographs, Research and Control Instruments, Electron Microscopes, Medical X-ray Equipment, Electronic Tubes and Devices.

**Only STEEL can do
so many jobs so well**



Want Trim That Stays Bright? Every car owner wants bright trim that *stays* bright, without pitting or streaking—and without need for expensive special-formula cleansers and the ever-present skinned knuckles and tired back that go with hour-long scouring. When you shop for a 1957 car, you'll find lots of models that use genuine *Stainless Steel* trim. Stainless Steel has a permanent built-in shine, will even outlast the car itself. No other metal can match it. Ask about it before you buy.



Biggest Airplane Hangar In The World—If you include the maintenance shops, the Air Force hangar in San Antonio sprawls out over 23 acres. Inside the hangar there is a 250-foot clear-span area without a post or pole of any kind between the floor and ceiling. Airplanes can be moved about freely without obstruction. This has been made possible by long, strong steel roof trusses. The entire building was fabricated and erected by the American Bridge Division of United States Steel.

You'll Float Through The Air—For A Mile. This is a cable tramway for tourists that goes up Cannon Mountain at Franconia Notch in New Hampshire. The heavy wire ropes are well over a mile long, 1 3/4 inch in diameter, and weigh 28 tons apiece. The cable was made and installed by American Steel & Wire Division of United States Steel.



Carry Your Books? Walk into almost any school and you'll see row upon row of student lockers—made from cold rolled steel sheets. That's because no other material offers such a desirable combination of strength, durability, and low cost.



This trade-mark is your guide to quality steel

UNITED STATES STEEL

For further information on any product mentioned in this advertisement, write United States Steel, 525 William Penn Place, Pittsburgh 30, Pa.

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UNITED STATES STEEL HOMES, INC. • UNION SUPPLY COMPANY • UNITED STATES STEEL EXPORT COMPANY • UNIVERSAL ATLAS CEMENT COMPANY 6-2854

SEE The United States Steel Hour. It's a full-hour TV program presented every other week by United States Steel. Consult your local newspaper for time and station.

Hail the Conquering Hero

When you Go Formal New Year's Eve, you win all the fashion honors if you ring out the old, and ring in the new wearing white tie and tails. To begin with, nothing is more enduring, fashion-wise, than the idea of going formal. Bygone heroes did it flaunting feathered plumes, waving capes, and sometimes dangling dainty lace cuffs! Today's heroes do it somewhat differently.



A sure winner

The nicest, most comfortable way, of course, is in an "After Six" full dress. Here the spirit of the past, present and future are all combined in the most elegant formal ever designed, for the man who has "arrived" and knows how to dress the part.

Such informal comfort, and such a wonderful feeling of being perfectly assured when raising your glass to toast the dawn of a new year. This is the ultimate in good grooming. It makes you feel proud, and adventurous. Midnight blue, imported or domestic lightweight worsteds, accented with lustrous satin lapels. The full dress—\$69.95 and \$82.50. After Six tuxedos, \$52.50 to \$89.50. Stag Line for juniors, \$42.50. (Slightly higher for West and Canada.)



Modern formal wear
for modern men

Write for Free Dress Chart by BERT RACHARACH,
nation's foremost authority on men's fashions.
AFTER SIX FORMALS, DEPT. E, PHILADELPHIA 3, PA.

LETTERS

Man of the Year

Sir:
The Austrian who, without requiring applause, shares his food, his home and his freedom with the Hungarian refugees.

JOSEPH C. O'CONNELL

New York City

Sir:
The following must come into the reckoning: Nasser, Eden, Khrushchev, Eisenhower, Hammarskjöld, Pope Pius XII and the Hungarian people.

FINBARR M. SLATTERY

Aske, Ireland

Sir:
I nominate B. & K. Nasser is a good runner-up, but he forms only a chapter in the greater B. & K. volume.

FRANC I. OBIKA

Aghor, Nigeria, West Africa

Sir:
The most outstanding figures are:

Heroes: Nasser, Ike, Dag.

Villains: Eden, Mollet, Ben-Gurion.

S. MAQSOOD RAZA

Karachi, Pakistan

Sir:
Israel's Prime Minister David Ben-Gurion, for proving that a leader can still be both right and forceful.

GERALD N. WINN

Chicago

Sir:
Dag Hammarskjöld. We may bow to him for preventing a major war in the Middle East.

LAURENS BOGERS

Willemstad, Curaçao

Netherlands West Indies

Sir:
President Eisenhower—a great war leader, a great statesman, the acknowledged leader of the free world and the hope of countless millions of the enslaved behind the Iron Curtain.

WILLIAM COOKE

Rye, Sussex, England

Sir:
Richard M. Nixon, our next President.

BILL BAYER

Miami

Sir:
The discriminating and superbly informed American voter.

JACQUES A. SIDI

Casper, Wyo.

Sir:
John Foster Dulles—a man of great moral courage who has brought strength into the State Department and, even more, has shed a new light on the whole concept of statesmanship.

BETTY HANKWITZ

Philadelphia

Sir:
Harry S. Truman, the man who predicted that the Democrats could not win with Adlai Stevenson.

LOUIS PAUL

Corpus Christi, Texas

Sir:

Elvis.

JOYCE RICHARD

Scottsbluff, Neb.

Sir:

The white-collar clerk who earns \$75 per week, has a wife and three kids, and stays honest.

JACOB G. MOSES

Baltimore

Revolt in Hungary

Sir:

The kidnapping of Imre Nagy again highlights the history of treachery and moral depravity of the Soviet leaders. The Hungarian massacre has shown that the use of moral persuasion against those who have no moral standards is useless. If the U.N. cannot act, and "we can only act like men," let us act with heart and arms lest history describe us as asses who fought for liberty with nothing more than our jawbones.

LAWRENCE M. JOSEPH

1st Lieutenant, U.S.A.F.

% Postmaster

San Francisco

Sir:

I wonder if we are not missing an important point. The Hungarians were fighting, apparently, for Hungarian Communism as advocated by Mr. Nagy, as opposed to Russian-dominated Communism under Mr. Kadar. But both governments are Communist.

ROBERT P. MOLTEN

Lancaster County, Pa.

Sir:

Many letters written you alleging the Hungarian uprising have accused America of "big talk" but little action. Although America may seem to be showing cowardice, the incident in Hungary is, among other things,

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TIME
December 17, 1956

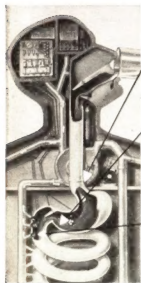
Volume LXVIII
Number 25

TIME, DECEMBER 17, 1956



If you've been taking aspirin for colds...remember—

BUFFERIN®



1. Medical science knows that a pain reliever must go through the stomach and into the blood stream to relieve pain.
2. Bufferin combines aspirin with two antacid ingredients. These speed the pain reliever out of the stomach and into the blood stream twice as fast as aspirin. So...
3. Bufferin acts twice as fast as aspirin to relieve pain. And it won't upset your stomach as aspirin often does.

✓ acts twice as fast as aspirin
to relieve cold miseries and headaches!

✓ won't upset your stomach
as aspirin often does!

Medical research shows that most cold sufferers stop taking pain relievers before getting completely rid of a cold.

Why? Many people find that ordinary pain relievers, taken over prolonged periods of time, cause upset stomach.

That's why you need Bufferin. It acts twice as fast as aspirin, yet is so gentle and safe you can take it over prolonged periods without fear of upset stomach.

P. 5. Bufferin acts twice as fast as aspirin to relieve headaches and

other pains, too! No wonder people by the millions are switching to Bufferin.



IF YOU SUFFER FROM PAIN OF ARTHRITIS OR RHEUMATISM,
ASK YOUR PHYSICIAN ABOUT BUFFERIN

The Flavor of Paris
is in every drop!



Dubonnet

And what a flavor it is!
Tangy... satisfying
... delightfully light
and mild. Versatile
Dubonnet is wonderful
straight, on-the-rocks, in
a highball or cocktails.
Try Dubonnet today.
Deliciously different!

Dubonnet Aperitif Wine, Product of U.S.A. © 1955 Dubonnet Corp., Phila., Pa.

Prince Matchabelli



*every woman
deserves
a crown!

PERFUME
\$2.50 TO \$45
COLOGNE
\$2 AND \$3.50

Added Attraction • Wind Song • Beloved • Crown Jewel • Stradivari •

bait for the Western powers. If we fall for this bait by acting without considering the effect of our actions on the national security, we shall be "crushed," as Khrushchev so wilyly declaimed. Who, then, would the Hungarians and other oppressed turn to for refuge?

MARY ALICE BUCHHOLZ

Seattle

Turmoil in the Middle East

Sir:

The words spoken by a British paratroop colonel citing the Anglo-French invasion of Egypt as "a bloody good exercise" and expressing his part in it as "a lot of fun and very interesting" might well have been spoken by a Russian colonel citing the crushing of Hungary and expressing his part in the slaughter of the Hungarian people.

SP/2 PAUL S. FORD

U.S. Army

% Postmaster
San Francisco

Sir:

It ill behooves TIME to criticize Sir Anthony Eden. Regardless of what Ottawa says, the majority of Canadian citizens were heartily in agreement with the British and French stand. The U.S.A., as usual, won't wake up until it is almost too late.

G. RAE

Vancouver, B.C.

Sir:

The great majority of the British people are fundamentally decent, law-abiding and peace-loving people, whose greatest faith and hope lie in an effective U.N. and an enduring Anglo-American alliance. Do not lose faith in these people because of the criminal actions of the Eden government.

F. E. LAMOND

London

The U.N. Role

Sir:

Perhaps now that the U.N. has shown how ineffectual it really is in a crisis, people will stop thinking of it in terms of a Congress or a Parliament on a grander scale. As a means of exchanging ideas and ideals, it is a fine organization, but it would be far better if it were physically located in the Soviet Union, where a free exchange of this type would be a novel experience for the population. As an arbiter in maintaining law and order, the U.N. is a howling bust. Moral indignation has saved few people from a firing squad.

JOHN A. TIMOUR

Washington, D.C.

Sir:

So far, the U.N. has been able to fulfill basic world needs, and by its very survival and growth has proven itself vital. What more proof of this do we need than the formation of a flesh-and-blood U.N. police force in reaction to this very invasion of Egypt?

JOHN SIMONS JR.

Los Angeles

Sir:

Let Hammarskjöld do something positive in Hungary, where the U.S.A. hiding behind the U.N., is too scared to interfere.

M. MULLER

Basel, Switzerland

The U.S. Role

Sir:

If, in the last four years, the President had made a series of "crisp, rippling decisions" about anything but the color of his ties, or had "moved surefootedly" to anywhere but the nearest golf course, the U.S. would

TIME, DECEMBER 17, 1956



Herb Shriver, television's Hoosier humorist, and family, as photographed by Peter Benech

The Herb Shriners celebrate the wonder of Christmas with telegrams

"There's something special about sending holiday greetings by wire," says Herb Shriver, star of his own CBS television program. Herb's wife Pixie adds: "Don't forget the fun of receiving telegrams with their Christmas-y decorations on the blank.

"And children! I just love their faces when they open Santagrams. They're so delighted when they get that pre-Christmas message sent from the North Pole by Santa himself."

Your "Merry Christmas" by wire is

more than a greeting. It's a gift to be shared with others . . . often proudly put on the tree. Write your own message or, if you prefer, pick from our selection. Just telephone or stop by at any Western Union office. If you wish, you can charge it.

THOUGHTFUL GIFT . . . MONEY-BY-WIRE
Here's the friendliest, most distinctive way there is to give someone money for Christmas. Wire a gift of money via Western Union with your personal greetings on a special holiday blank.





*How we
work steel...*

"Does everything but make change"



Business - building gasoline pump—another success story through A. O. Smith research

The quotation above is typical. Nowadays, you'll find service station operators everywhere praising the performance of new A. O. Smith L-3D gasoline dispensers. They can't help but appreciate the remarkable multi-million-gallon dependability . . . the easy handling . . . the metering accuracy that pinpoints every drop, accounts for gallonage to the penny. It's performance that reflects sound business practices — that builds customer loyalty for the station man.

Appearance is rewarding, too. The L-3D's clean, functional design — night-and-day eye-appeal — makes

each dispenser a business-building billboard. Puts that look of efficiency *out front* to build customer-confidence in the man behind the scenes.

Want more facts about this or other A. O. Smith products of progress? Write . . . and we'll send you complete details.

Through research  . . . a better way

A.O. Smith
CORPORATION

MILWAUKEE 1, WISCONSIN
12 plants in New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Ohio,
Wisconsin, Illinois, Texas and California
International Division: Milwaukee 1, Wisconsin

Look for these pumps when you need gasoline or service. They trademark a station operator with your best interests in mind.

*to make steel
work for you!*

A.O. Smith
CORPORATION

For facts about any of the
products shown here —
write A. O. Smith Corp.,
Milwaukee 1, Wisconsin



Permaglas
home heating and
cooling systems



Permaglas
and Burkay water heaters



Harvesters for the farm
Permaglas Storage Units
for industry



Pressure vessels,
heat exchangers



Line pipe,
oil well casing



Liquid meters,
gasoline dispensers



Electric motors



Welding machines,
electrodes, accessories



Permaglas smoke stacks



**Glass-lined and
stainless tanks**



**Automotive
frames and parts**



**Glassplate
processing equipment**

not now be forced to "patch and clean up
the Western Alliance."

MRS. SUSAN ROSENBERG

Orleans, France

Sir:

Why don't you birds wise up that U.S.
State Department policy on Red Egypt now
is just about as cockeyed as Britain's policy
on Red China used to be?

WERNER FUCIS

Cologne, Germany

The Lady Goes Home

Sir:

Re your story on the resignation of Clare
Booth Luce as ambassador to Italy (Dec.
1), the monarchist (but emphatically not
fascist) press has indeed commented upon
her departure. The monarchist magazine
Candido, edited by Giovanni Guareschi (cre-
ator of *The Little World of Don Camillo*),
said:

"Now that Mrs. Luce is about to leave us,
we shall miss the grace, sweetness and firm-
ness with which she fitted into the Italian
scene . . . She is a lady of whom many
Italians have become very fond . . . Every-
one will be sorry to see her go, especially
those irreconcilable supporters of the stronger
sex, who were not pleased with the idea of
seeing an ambassador in skirts in our capital
city. Mrs. Luce has shown herself to have
the stature of her post. Only a few people,
and even fewer diplomats, have understood
the reality and the spirit of the Italian woman
like this woman has, probably because she
approached our country in the first instance
with her heart. For her clarity and her hon-
esty, we are grateful . . ."

WALTER GUZZARDI

Rome

TIME gladly reports the *Candido*
opinion as evidence of the basic pro-
American sentiments of Italian mon-
archists.—Ed.

Tender Elvis

Sir:

Your Nov. 26 account of Elvis Presley and
his new picture *Love Me Tender* is terrible.
The things said about Elvis were very cruel.

KAY HARMON

Toulon, Ill.

Sir:

About your criticism of *Love Me Tender*,
We Elvis fans would like to see your movie
reviewer stuffed with ground glass.

MRS. MILDRED H. NETTS

Springfield, Ohio

Sir:

I am a ninth-grade student. I also am a fan
of Presley's, but the way you described him
in your review is really a kick. Every time I
read it I go into fits of riotous laughter!

RON SPENCER

Compton, Calif.

Hot Dogs

Sir:

In "pre-Spanish times" where did the
Mexican Indians get the bananas which,
along with corn, they used to stuff their
Xolo dogs and bring them to huckle fatness
(TIME, Nov. 26)?

LOUIS O. WILLIAMS

Tezcuigalpa, Honduras

Sir:

It is very doubtful that the Xolos were
stuffed with bananas in pre-Spanish times.
The best authorities believe that the banana
was introduced to this hemisphere after 1492.
Yes, we had no bananas before Columbus
discovered us.

Lima, Peru

ADALBERTO GORBITZ

☐ Yes. Ed.



**"Man of
the Hour"**

by

Pioneer
the mark of a man

You'll give him
more than a

moment's pleasure with
this gift of superb luxury—

Pioneer's custom belt

made only of choicest

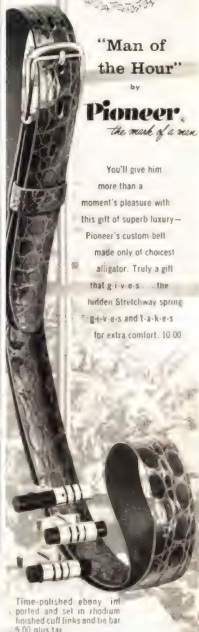
alligator. Truly a gift

that gives . . . the

hidden Stretchway spring

gives and takes

for extra comfort. 10.00



Time-polished ebony im-
ported and set in rhodium
finished cuff links and tie bar
\$5.00 plus tax

FEATURED AT: Oscar L. Benoit, Portland, Me.;
Maurice L. Rothschild, Chicago; B. L. Bing's
Sons, Anderson, Ind.; Walkers, Columbus, Ohio;
Bakley-Mitchell, Bristol, Va.; Ernst Kern,
Detroit; Weber & Heilbronner, New York; and
other fine stores everywhere

Pioneer, Darby, Pa.

**A MAINTENANCE "SUPER" REPORTS
ON TUBELESS TRUCK TIRES—**

William A. Wild, Branch Motor Express Superintendent of Maintenance, has been in the trucking business "more years than he likes to recall" but he's always willing to learn a better way to help him keep his fleet on the road and making money.



Q. *Your fleet has been using tubeless tires since October 1955, Mr. Wild—what is your opinion of them?*

A. **"WE'RE SOLD ON FIRESTONE TUBELESS TRUCK TIRES—BEEN GETTING THEM ON ALL OUR NEW EQUIPMENT"**

says William A. Wild, Superintendent of Maintenance, Branch Motor Express.

Branch Motor Express of Allentown, Pennsylvania, is in the process of switching its entire fleet over to tubeless truck tires. A large common carrier serving the Middle Atlantic States, this company operates tractor-trailer units both on intercity runs and in-city pickup and delivery. For a first-hand account of why Branch Motor Express prefers tubeless tires, here's an interview with Mr. William A. Wild, the man who keeps this fleet rolling:

Q. *What kind of mileage are you getting with tubeless tires compared to tires with tubes?*

A. "We're definitely getting more miles from Firestone tubeless tires. Although we've been running on tubeless tires since October of 1955, we can't figure cost per mile yet because, you see, not one of these tires has been retired from service. However, we average 50,000 miles before retreading on the tractor drive axle tires and 100,000 miles on trailer tires and tractor front axle tires before they are retreaded. This is a remarkable improvement over tires with tubes, especially for city driving."

Q. Is city delivery tougher on tires?

A. "It is for us because that's where constant spotting of the trailer scuffs tires—but worst of all, that's where tires get curb breaks and pick up puncturing objects. The big advantage of tubeless tires here is that a break or puncture shows up as a slow leak and we repair it—but in tires with tubes, a break has to flex a hole in the tube and then—wham!—we've blown out a tire and lost a valuable tire body. We get increased tire body life for more retreads with tubeless tires. That's important to our cost picture because Firestone Factory-Method Retreading puts "new tire" tread performance on the old carcass and we get almost again as much mileage as the original—at about one-third the price of the original tire. And we can retread these tires over and over again."



"Can't remember when we had the last road call to change a flat—since we've been running on tubeless tires we hardly ever have an emergency run," recalls "Pete" Winings and he should know—he's the guy who used to have those "headaches."

Q. In big fleet operation, does the introduction of tubeless tires present any problems?

A. "Not for us. We've standardized our rims and we can run tubed and tubeless side by side until we have completed all the replacements. We'll have all our equipment on tubeless before long. We have less valve trouble on tubeless because they run cooler out on the side of the rim. And if they do need service they're easy to get at."

Q. From your experience, then, you'd recommend tubeless tires to other truckers?

A. "Yes, I would. Anyone can save money on tire costs with them. And the way I figure it, tires with tubes on any equipment bought today may be difficult and expensive to replace, long before the vehicle has completed its useful service life."



"36,000 miles on these tractor drive axle tires, and there's another 15 or 20,000 miles left on those treads yet"—that's "Pete" Winings, Reading Terminal Shop Foreman, whose words of praise for Firestone tubeless tires sound sweet as honey to the ears of Bill Hamlin, who represents Firestone in Allentown.

SUPER ALL TRACTION



ALL TRACTION



Copyright 1956, The Firestone Tire & Rubber Co.

Firestone

FIRST CHOICE WITH
TRUCK OPERATORS EVERYWHERE



SUPER TRANSPORT



TRANSPORT HEAVY DUTY

Enjoy the Voice of Firestone on radio and television every Monday evening over ABC

FIREMAN

The U.S. Navy carries on guard against brush fire wars are armed with Grumman aircraft, ready as usual in quantity when needed.



GRUMMAN AIRCRAFT ENGINEERING CORPORATION Bethpage • Long Island • New York

Designers and builders of the supersonic F11F-1 Tiger, transonic F9F-8 Cougar fighter, F9F-6T fighter-trainer, F9F-8P photo-recon, S2F Tracker, SA-16 Albatross rescue amphibian, metal boats, and Aerobilt truck bodies.

TIME

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TIME, DECEMBER 17, 1956



EDITORS ELIOT & JONES

PUBLISHER'S LETTER

Dear TIME-Reader:

IN THE six years since TIME began publishing full-color re-productions each week in the Art section, the editors have been struck time and again by the strength and vitality of native U.S. art. Along with the foreign painting, sculpture and architecture, from the ancient Egyptians and Etruscans to the latest sculpture from Paris, TIME has recorded the history and day-to-day ferment of American paintings, from the untutored journeyman portraitists of colonial days to the explosive ab-stract expressionists. Among the al-most 700 full-color reproductions printed since 1951, some 200 were of American paintings, the most ex-tensive color survey of U.S. art now available.

The two editors most concerned with the subject are Associate Editors Alexander Eliot and Cranston Jones. Eliot, a onetime painter himself, who had his first show when he was 17 and directed a

Boston gallery at 20, began to write Art for TIME in 1945. Jones came to the section two years ago, after assignments as a TIME correspond-ent in San Francisco, London, Paris and Rio.

The result of their efforts, as one TIME reader puts it, has been to establish "a museum of the mind, where feet never grow tired and the light is always just right."

Says Editor Eliot: "American art has been shaped by American forces. Its viewpoints and subject matter are its own, and they open a thousand windows on our heri-tage. By reproducing these works, TIME has added an American wing to our 'museum of the mind.'"

Next week, in the Christmas issue, TIME will open another gal-ery in that American wing with a special eight-page color portfolio of works by American artists, from John Singleton Copley and the painting Peale family (see cut) to Edward Hopper.

Cordially yours,

James A. Luce

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A Case of Christmas Cheer

BLACK & WHITE • BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY 86.8 PROOF • THE FLEISCHMANN DISTILLING CORPORATION, NEW YORK • SOLE DISTRIBUTORS



"Widow maker" felled. If it hadn't been for the constant reminder to wear his hard hat in the woods, Gary Meece might have been killed. Gary (at right) shows dent made in his hat by a falling hemlock branch to his friend George Babich, Employers Mutuals safety engineer (left) and Ed Seabloom, logging manager for E. K. Wood Lumber Company.

Wausau Story

IN THE PACIFIC NORTHWEST

by LAMAR NEWKIRK, business page editor, Portland's Oregon Journal

"I found that the Employers Mutuals people know and talk the loggers' language when they work with our Oregon lumber industry. Naturally, because Wausau was once lumber country, too. And when their men, like safety engineer George Babich discuss safety practices they're thinking of good friends—not just names on a payroll. That's one reason their policyholders like the E. K. Wood Lumber Company have been able to get out over 300 million board feet of logs during the past 12 years with only one major accident.

"But the Wausau story out here isn't all lumber. It's evident in the Oregon Pear industry, too. Employers Mutuals believes people are safer workers if they are happy both on the job and after hours. So one of their nurses, Maryon Smith, has spent much time working with the pear industry to provide better housing and sanitation for migrant pear pickers and their families. That too brings better safety results, they tell me."



We talk your language, too. Employers Mutuals, with offices across the country, writes all lines of fire and casualty insurance. We are one of the largest in the field of workmen's compensation. For further information see your nearest representative (consult your telephone directory) or write us in Wausau, Wisconsin.



Singin' in the shower. Young son of migrant pear orchard worker enjoys one of the modern conveniences at housing unit—just as his dad does after work. Better housing results in better work. Safer work too. That's a new slant on safety by Employers Mutuals.



"Good people to do business with"

Employers Mutuals of Wausau

PRECISE AT THE OLYMPICS . . . PRECISE ON YOUR WRIST



The Olympic Cross
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Ω
OMEGA

OFFICIAL WATCH OF THE OLYMPIC GAMES

NATIONAL AFFAIRS

THE NATION

Winter Harvest

Ever since the cold war began, the U.S. and U.S.S.R. have been locked in a worldwide grapple for men's minds. Often it seemed that the U.S.S.R. was making giant strides ahead, particularly among the emergent new nationalists and neutralists of Asia and Africa. Last week the U.S. was winning new trust and confidence while the U.S.S.R. reaped a bitter harvest of distrust, disillusionment and despair.

During the 40 days of the world crisis, the trend to the U.S. was often lost in the gunsmoke; yet it was the manner in which the contestants were behaving in the test that affected the course of world opinion. U.S. Middle Eastern policy was the target of angry criticism in Europe and unofficial Washington, but it was precisely this policy that demonstrated to the world, in terms of high drama, the U.S.'s traditional adherence to the principles of law and justice. U.S. policy on Hungary was criticized as too little and too late (*see FOREIGN NEWS*), but nevertheless the U.S. was offering the Hungarians succor and refuge while the U.S.S.R. offered bloodshed and deportation to the steppes.

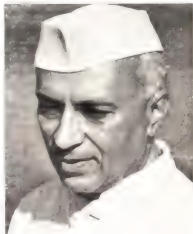
The New Heroes. Around the world as the Christmas feasts went up, the contrasting impact began to show. Only last spring, Iceland (pop. 158,000), lulled by Soviet coos of coexistence, had asked U.S.

troops and airmen to pull out of the strategic air base of Keflavik; last week Iceland considered Budapest and reversed itself, asking the U.S. troops and airmen to please stay.

India was gripped by such a wave of articulate anti-Communist opinion that even Premier Nehru, World Neutralist No. 1, had to heed it. On the eve of his visit to Washington, Nehru still talked about a Communist thaw and a need to conciliate the Soviet Union, but he also had much kinder words for U.S. policy past and present, overflowing personal tributes for President Eisenhower and, most surprisingly, thoughts of stronger support for South Viet Nam's doughty anti-Communist President Ngo Dinh Diem, whom Nehru had once belittled as a U.S. puppet. "What good will the U.S. has not been able to achieve in the past," India's *Statesman* reported, "was accomplished overnight by a bold and imaginative decision."

Every day across the Arab world Eisenhower was hailed as a hero. While the ambassadors of Iraq, Iran, Pakistan and Turkey made a special call at the State Department in Washington and thanked the U.S. for its support, U.S. ambassadors in the Middle East reported a friendliness they had never known before.

The Next Task. Nowhere had the U.S. stand against aggression in Suez been more hotly criticized than in Britain and France, but last week, after a speech by Vice



James Burke

INDIA'S NEHRU
Even neutralists were kinder.

President Richard Nixon that overshadowed new U.S. economic aid (*see below*). British and French bitterness eased. Over all, Budapest cast its dark shadow. "Communist prestige," said a French Foreign Office spokesman, "has dropped to an alltime low in Europe."

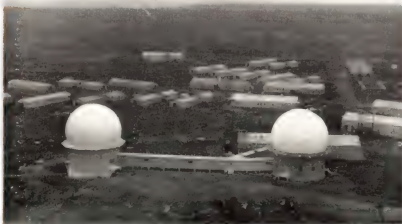
In the free world, doubts, problems, deficiencies and divergences persisted, and events to come could well shake and change the new trend toward unity. But the realization was spreading and crystallizing that the U.S. stands for peace and justice in the world. To turn that realization into a lasting asset is the next task of U.S. foreign policy.

FOREIGN RELATIONS

"In Our Interest & Theirs"

In the Grand Ballroom of Manhattan's Waldorf-Astoria Hotel, Vice President Richard Nixon rose one night last week to deliver a major U.S. foreign policy statement. Before him sat 1,500 members of the Automobile Manufacturers Association in town for the National Automobile Show (*see BUSINESS*). The Vice President had a twofold mission: 1) to answer the weeks of criticism of U.S. policy in the Middle East, and 2) to lay new groundwork for the strengthening of the Atlantic alliance and the whole free world.

With a text that had been discussed



Brian Seed—LIFE

U.S. RADAR STATION IN ICELAND
Out of the gun smoke, a new realization.

with Secretary of State John Foster Dulles, Nixon began by reviewing the 40-day world crisis. There had been "some observers of world affairs . . . the critics of despair and the prophets of doom," who had proclaimed a massive Soviet victory in the Middle East. These critics, Nixon believed, were taking "a shortsighted and, if I might respectfully say so, immature view of the issues." When Israel, Britain and France attacked Egypt, the world wondered whether the U.S. would stand by its principles, or because its friends were involved, would "conveniently look the other way." If the U.S. had supported the British-French-Israeli position in Egypt, they "might have won a military victory in that area. But they and we would have lost the moral support of the whole world . . . Because we took the position we did, the peoples of Africa and Asia now know that the U.S. has no illusions about 'the white man's burden' and 'white supremacy.' The military victory our friends might have won in the Near East would not have solved . . . the problem. Lasting solutions are rarely forged in the ruins of war."

"Eternal Credit." Linking the U.S. position on the two menacing arms of world crisis, the Vice President said that the U.S. stand on the Middle East made the U.S. fit and qualified to condemn Soviet barbarity in Hungary. Such condemnation was the U.S.'s sole weapon, "since the alternative was action on our part which might initiate the third and ultimate world war." The Freedom Fighters of Budapest, said Nixon, won a great victory in the battle for men's minds. "The lesson is etched in the mind and seared in the souls of all mankind. Can it be seriously suggested that any nation in the world today would trust the butchers of Budapest?"

Then the Vice President moved on to the next logical phase of U.S. foreign policy. From the first day of Suez, President Eisenhower and Secretary of State John Foster Dulles had insisted that the U.S. difference with its allies over Suez should not obscure the long-term values and meanings of the Atlantic alliance.⁹ Nixon urged his listeners to give the British and French "eternal credit" for eventually accepting the U.N. resolutions on the cease-fire and withdrawal of troops. He urged less attention to fault-finding and more to seeking a long-range settlement in the Middle East.

Nixon then ventured into a politically delicate area by speaking of "the financial plight" of Britain in a way that seemed to suggest big new U.S. economic aid. Said the Vice President: "I believe it is in our interest as well as theirs to assist them in this hour of difficulty."

Earlier in the week the U.S. had received a request from Britain for a waiver of payment of some \$81 million of interest

due this month on past U.S. loans. There was every indication that Congress will, after some protest, grant the request. The U.S. was ready to provide the International Monetary Fund with approximately \$500 million in cash. There is also talk in Washington that the U.S. Export-Import Bank might be ready to advance perhaps \$200 million in loans to finance purchases of Western Hemisphere oil.

"Generous Aid." Beyond advocating help for the Atlantic alliance, Nixon foreshadowed a new U.S. emphasis on much broader foreign economic aid. Of the nations of the Middle East, he said: "There must be generous aid in solving their very real economic problems so that their peoples may rise from the depths of poverty and disease. In the past these nations



VICE PRESIDENT NIXON.
Less fault-finding, more help.

of the Middle East used their meager resources to build up military strength. Now we have the unique opportunity to show them what can be done by using their resources to build up the health and welfare of their peoples."

Obviously such a broad new venture would not be without domestic U.S. opponents—whom Nixon, perhaps, was better placed than Eisenhower or Dulles to convince and win over. Even Treasury Secretary George Magoffin Humphrey took to a podium in the Waldorf-Astoria before flying to Paris for the NATO meeting to assert that some estimates of Western Europe's need for new U.S. aid had been "greatly exaggerated. The fact is that in all probability existing institutions will be able to provide most of the assistance that may be needed." But the fact also was that any aid program hacked wholeheartedly by Eisenhower, Nixon and Dulles would have great political strength in Congress and in the country.

©The British Broadcasting Corp. taped his speech for later rebroadcasting to Britain.

Treatment for NATO

"This," declared the U.S. Secretary of State, "will be an important meeting, perhaps the most important such meeting that has been held." Saying this, John Foster Dulles last week stepped aboard a special MATS Constellation and headed for Paris and the semiannual ministerial meeting of the North Atlantic Treaty Organization. His own convalescence at an end, Dulles was determined to bring good health to an ailing NATO.

The Western alliance had been softened by destalinization, shaken by the British-Greek dispute over Cyprus, severely strained by headlong Anglo-French action in the Middle East. But John Foster Dulles was nonetheless confident that the damage could be repaired and that this week's NATO sessions would "strengthen the bonds that unite the treaty members to safeguard the freedom, common heritage and civilization of their peoples."

Dulles had some cause for confidence. Soviet brutality in Hungary had once again impressed upon the mind of Western Europe the need for NATO as a defense shield. On hand with Dulles in Paris were Defense Secretary Charles Wilson and Treasury Secretary George Humphrey, both determined that NATO should not let down its guard. And in the face of the Soviet threat, other NATO members were no longer so anxious to cut costs by slashing NATO manpower.

REFUGEES

Safe Haven

Twenty-two miles west of Milwaukee, in the little (pop. 1,100) town of Hartland, pupils and faculty members of the Arrowhead High School paraded into an apartment for which they had paid the \$55 month's rent out of student-council funds, set to work scrubbing the floors, hanging curtains, stocking the larder. Soon a grateful Hungarian butcher, his wife and five children moved in. For Otto Bauernhuber, who just a few weeks before was cutting beef to feed his fellow rebels in Budapest, the warmth of new friendship and the brightness of his new home were marvelous if bewildering realities.

On Chicago's South Side, a Hungarian carpenter named Felix, his wife and two children settled down in a small apartment furnished by friends and relatives. Soon Felix got a job in a furniture factory at \$1.25 an hour. Like many of the new immigrants, the couple still so strongly showed the boot marks of Soviet terror that they could not shake off their tense-ness or wariness, kept their window blinds drawn, reporters at arm's length. Said a Hungarian friend, who arrived in the U.S. in 1948: "It takes about two years to realize what America is like. Not the things you can buy, but the things you can say. I can say something about President Eisenhower, and nobody will lock me up. Felix, he is just like a monkey put in a box and released somewhere in Alaska."

The U.S. was doing its earnest, if at times disorganized, best to meet the Hun-

⁹ Said the President on Oct. 31: "We believe these actions [Suez] to have been taken in error, for we do not accept the use of force as a wise or proper instrument for the settlement of international disputes. To say this, in this particular instance, is in no way to minimize our friendship."

garians' needs, and to make its position clear to the world. When Russian tanks drew up before the U.S. legation in Budapest to intimidate Hungarians who were seeking American aid, Deputy Under Secretary of State Robert Murphy called in the Russian embassy's Counsel Sergei Striganov in Washington, condemned the Soviet action, called it a reflection of the "deplorable situation in Hungary," demanded that his message be brought "immediately to the attention of the Soviet government."

Proclaiming United Nations Human Rights Day, President Eisenhower called upon the nation to "take to heart the lessons the Hungarian people have written in their blood . . . in their indomitable will to be free." This came on the heels of his order establishing "Operation Safe Haven," a plan to bring the announced quota of 21,000 Hungarians (TIME, Dec. 10) to the U.S. by Jan. 1. Set into motion by the Defense Department, Safe Haven will carry 3,000 people aboard three ocean-going transports, about 10,000 aboard MATS and commercial planes. U.S. Labor Department officials aboard the three ships will process the Hungarians, hope to have them job-classified by the time they reach U.S. shores.

At New Jersey's Camp Kilmer, where a few hundred refugees still await help from eager welfare agencies, U.S. Army detachments prepared new shelter and service facilities for the big rush. In the hurly-burly of processing, the bureaucracy managed to remember that Dec. 6 was St. Nicholas Day. In many European countries, St. Nicholas leaves presents in the newly polished shoes of the good children, switches and pieces of coal for the naughty ones. For the 51 children still awaiting settlement at Kilmer, there were toys, dolls and candy. No such observance had been permitted Hungarian children since 1947.

THE PRESIDENCY

Clear Sky at Augusta

Behind Dwight Eisenhower were the long, tiring campaign and the weeks of international strain. Ahead were the demands of rebuilding the Western alliance, a visit from India's Prime Minister Nehru, the inauguration ceremonies and the State of the Union message. In Augusta last week the President of the U.S. prepared for what lay ahead by relaxing from what lay behind.

Ike needed a vacation. During the Middle East and Hungarian crises he had developed a nervous habit of awakening at 4 or 4:30 a.m. to jot down on a scratch pad the ideas that were flickering through his mind. When he first arrived in Augusta the wind was chilly, the skies were grey, and his golf score—usually a good thermometer of his physical and mental tone—was infuriatingly high. He suddenly realized that he was very tired, and planned a careful schedule to replenish his strength. By last week the clouds had cleared, the temperature rose into the 70s and the golf score descended toward the 80s.

Protected from the curious by a fence surrounding the Augusta National Golf Club, the President left the grounds only to drive to church. He was up most mornings by 7:30, had eaten breakfast* and was in his small office above Golf Pro Ed Dudley's shop by 8 o'clock. There Ike worked with Secretaries Ann Whitman and Helen Weaver, received Washington reports delivered by his staff secretary, Colonel Andrew Jackson Goodpaster. Only top

* Ike was letting others do the cooking, and there was one indication that his own may not be all it has been cracked up to be. Said his sister-in-law, Mrs. Edgar Eisenhower of Tacoma, Wash., at a women's club meeting: "I know the President's cooking is all bluff. He turns the knob on high—burns it to a crisp, and that's all."



Paul Schutzer—UPI

PRESIDENT EISENHOWER
Strength up, scores down.

business got attention; routine matters were put aside until the return to Washington.

By 10:30 the President was usually ready for the practice tee with Ed Dudley, thence to the 400-yd. first hole for a tour of the front nine (he walked half the way, rode half in his golf cart). After a locker-room lunch (a medium-size steak and a glass of milk or cup of Sanka), Ike traveled Augusta's back nine, returned briefly to his office, rested and joined Mamie for dinner (a big steak) in the dining room recently added to her Augusta cottage. Some nights the President played bridge—but the lights were nearly always out by 10:30.

It was a pleasant vacation, although certainly not duty-free, and about the best the President of the U.S. could expect. He therefore decided to extend it, waiting until this week to return to Washington.

THE ADMINISTRATION

Dream Fulfilled

Since the sorrow-filled day in 1918 when he learned that his elder brother had been killed in France with the A.E.F., Massachusetts' Christian Archibald Herter has held steadfast to a dream: to achieve a position in which he could work effectively for peace. Last week Herter's dream was fulfilled. He was named Under Secretary of State succeeding Herbert Hoover Jr., whose resignation, effective next February, was accepted by President Eisenhower.

Chris Herter's life has been shaped for his new job. Born in Paris of American parents, he studied interior decoration in New York, left to accept a minor post with the U.S. embassy in Berlin in 1916. At the Versailles conference, he served as aide to U.S. Delegate Joseph Clark Grew, later became executive secretary of



HUNGARIAN CHILD AT CAMP KILMER (ON ST. NICHOLAS EVE)
Toys for the good and a lesson for a nation.

United Press

the European Relief Council and traveled around ravaged Europe with Relief Chief Herbert Hoover Sr.

Strangely Irked. When Hoover Sr. became Secretary of Commerce, Herter went to Washington as his personal assistant, then moved to Boston as co-owner and co-editor of Henry Ward Beecher's old magazine of opinion, the *Independent*. A Republican, Herter saw it that the *Independent* championed the League of Nations and word-whipped Massachusetts' Isolationist Republican Senator Henry Cabot Lodge.

In 1942 Herter was elected to the first of five terms in Congress. He led 17 members of a Select House Committee on Foreign Aid (among them, California's Richard Nixon) on a trip to Europe in 1947, helped clear the way for congressional approval of the Marshall Plan. An early Eisenhower backer, Herter seemed strangely irked when, in 1952, Massachusetts Republicans urged him to run for governor against Democratic Incumbent Paul Dever. Said he: "You're just trying to get me out of Washington." Reason for his discomfiture: he was confident that Ike would be the next President—and he thought he had a good chance to become Under Secretary of State.

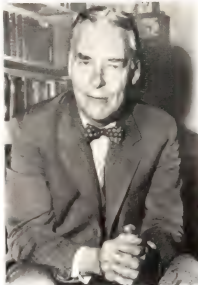
Smooth-Paced. Nonetheless, Herter ran for governor and was elected. After building up a record in two terms as governor, he announced early this year that he would not run for re-election. He immediately became the unwilling object of affection of various "Christian Herter for President in case Eisenhower doesn't run" clubs, and Harold Stassen started a noisy campaign to have him replace Dick Nixon as vice-presidential candidate. But Herter refused to turn against his old colleague. He not only supported Nixon but, in a dramatic moment at San Francisco, placed him in nomination.

As Under Secretary of State, Herter, 61, will be a smooth-paced replacement for an Under Secretary whose administrative talents sometimes outpaced his policymaking skills. President Eisenhower accepted Herbert Hoover Jr.'s resignation with "deep regret," paid tribute to Hoover's "outstanding ability and dedication." And Chris Herter's friends quickly pointed out that he would make a logical successor to Secretary of State John Foster Dulles if, when and for whatever reason Dulles bowed out.

Another MacArthur

To be U.S. Ambassador to Japan, the President last week chose a career diplomat with a historic name: Douglas MacArthur II. The name (for his uncle) may impress the Japanese, but it had nothing to do with his appointment. Suave, capable Douglas MacArthur, 47, was picked for his first ambassadorship strictly on performance.

Born into a military family (his father, Arthur, was a Navy captain), MacArthur chose the Foreign Service at the age of twelve after a Far East trip on which he was impressed by U.S. consular officials. At Yale ('32) he studied history and



MASSACHUSETTS' HERTER
in the succession line.

economics, played guard on the 1931 football team captained by Eli's "Little Blue Boy." Albie Booth, MacArthur entered the Foreign Service in 1935, served in Vancouver, Naples, Paris, Lisbon and Vichy, where he was interned by the Germans in 1942. Exchanged 16 months later, he encountered a Vichy official, gave a pointed reason for being underweight: "You would probably have lost weight yourself, sir, if we had handed you over to the Japanese."

In the past decade, MacArthur has worked almost continuously with Dwight Eisenhower as a knowing and capable adviser. In 1944 he was assigned to General Eisenhower's wartime headquarters as a political adviser on France, later shared in the formation of NATO, performed so well that in 1951 Ike borrowed him as a

SHAPE adviser on international affairs. Soon after Eisenhower became President, MacArthur was recalled to Washington, named State Department counselor. On his office wall hang two cherished Christmas presents: Eisenhower oils of Washington and Lincoln.

As counselor, MacArthur has been a top adviser and confidant to John Foster Dulles, participated in almost every major conference of the last four years, including the summit meeting at Geneva. His role, as a colleague defined it: "A kind of general manager who's always on the firing line."

On Washington's social circuit, MacArthur and his witty wife, Laura, daughter of the late Allen Barkley, are much in demand. Laura MacArthur leans naturally toward the Democratic Party; her husband diplomatically describes himself as an independent. MacArthur keeps a motorboat on the Potomac, hopes that when he, Laura, and daughter, Mimi, 10, are settled in Tokyo he will be able to follow a favorite pastime: skindiving.

Last week friends hailed MacArthur's appointment to succeed Ambassador John Allison as "a natural." But the feeling was not universal: commented Tokyo's second biggest newspaper, *Mainichi Shinbun*, "The name MacArthur will not make the man's job any easier." The job: to follow up Allison's "civilianizing" of post-occupation Japanese-American relations. Chief problems: the future status of U.S. military bases in Japan, growing demands for return of such prewar Japanese possessions as Okinawa and the Bonin Islands, Japan's desire for more trade with Communist China.

ARMED FORCES

Escape of the Boojum

Up from its launching platform at Florida's Patrick Air Force base one day last week swooshed a hot U.S. challenger in the East-West missiles race—the Snark,[®] a huge (74 ft. long, 7 tons), turbojet-propelled, surface-to-surface guided missile, i.e., a winged pilotless bomber, with speeds up to 600 m.p.h. and intercontinental range (at least 5,000 miles). Radar-checked and ground-controlled, it whizzed southeast down the Caribbean along the 5,000-mile U.S. test range that extends—by agreement with Britain—from Florida to Ascension Island in the South Atlantic. Its flight plan: to proceed to a "scheduled turn-around point" on the range, come about and return home.

But at the turning point something went wrong—perhaps a failure in the Snark's guidance system. Ignoring its ground-to-electronic-brain orders, the errant missile veered sharply out of flight pattern and shot westward. When the missile's ground-locked pilots realized it was out of control, they pushed the button



MACARTHUR & FAMILY
On the firing line.

Ⓢ A portmanteau word, combining snake and shark, invented by Lewis Carroll for the ineluctable prey of his poem, "The Hunting of the Snark." One variety—the Boojum—had the power to make its hunter "softly and suddenly vanish away."

that was supposed to blow it up in mid-air. But the Snark refused to commit suicide. When last seen by radar, it was slipping over the South American horizon. Happily, it carried no warhead.

In Washington, mortified Air Force representatives restricted themselves to saying that no search was being instituted in view of the wide area in which the Snark might have fallen. The State Department, however, was hit hard by the news that it probably had crashed in the Brazilian jungle. For months State's negotiators have been seeking permission for construction of six missile-tracking stations along the Brazilian coast. So far they have been unsuccessful: the Rio government, under pressure from ultranationalists and Communists, has been hard to pin down. Said a department officer bitterly: "That Snark might just as well have landed on our negotiators."

Honorable Discharge

Pigeons have been carrying messages ever since a water-locked Noah sent a dove out to bring tidings of land. Caesar, campaigning in Gaul, used pigeons to carry news of his exploits to Rome. In World War I a homing pigeon named Cher Ami, on duty with the famed Lost Battalion, braved gunfire from both the enemy and the Allies, flew 25 miles in 10 minutes with an urgent message for Allied gunners, arrived at his destination wounded in a leg and a wing, saved the battalion. In World War II a pigeon called G.I. Joe flew countless missions in the Mediterranean, saved a British brigade in Italy when he carried a message canceling a bombardment of Colvi Vecchia, which the British had entered ahead of schedule (the Lord Mayor of London gave Joe a medal). But last week the U.S. Army said pigeon go home. The Army grounded its 1,000 birds,* planned to sell most, give the rest to zoos. Reason: advances in electronic communication made them obsolete; they have been superseded by the vacuum tube.

Army pigeons—all nine of them—were angered by the news. There was not one chicken-hearted, people-toed electronics messenger, they snorted, which could match the feats of wartime homing pigeons. Moreover, they said, electronic communications equipment can be jammed by the enemy; there are times and places, too, where such equipment cannot be used, e.g., in thick jungle areas, where wire-stringing is impractical.

As the Signal Corps pigeons at Fort Monmouth, N.J. got ready to sell their charges to private buyers, they held to one secret hope: one fine day all 1,000 well-trained birds would home into Fort Monmouth and settle daintily all over the electronics boys' fancy antennas.

* The Army also announced that it would shutter out the famed 4th Field Artillery Battalion (Pack), which, with its 125 horses and mules, was created in 1807 for mountain and single lightning, saw action in World War II (Italy). Replacing the Army job, the experimental 4th Airborne Field Artillery Firing Unit, a helicopter crew.



WINNER SEEBER & FAMILY
The people spoke up.

THE SOUTH The True Face of Clinton

Municipal election day came clear and warm last week to Clinton, Tenn. Main Street was gay with holly and Christmas lights. The Rev. Paul Turner, 33, pastor of the First Baptist Church, the community's largest, dressed slowly before setting out on a mission of importance and, as it developed, of danger. On the outskirts of town, a small band of white men glared up at the cluster of homes atop Foley's Hill, where live the Negroes whose children would try soon again to attend Clinton high school. Thus did Clinton (pop. about 3,700 law-abiding citizens and about 300 defiant segregationists), a town

with a split personality, begin a critical day in its history.

Tucked away in the Cumberland foothills of East Tennessee, Clinton* is an improbable place for racial crisis. Its sons fought for the North in the Civil War (Clinton has voted Republican virtually ever since). About 800 Clintonians work for Union Carbide Nuclear Co. at nearby Oak Ridge, where, as at other federal enclaves, the schools have been successfully integrated. Most of Clinton's 48 Negro families own their own homes and have long been accepted as solid, sober members of a solid, sober (and Baptist-dry) community.

When the order to integrate Clinton high school came last January, hardly any of the townfolk liked the idea—but nearly all of them accepted it as law. Then upon Clinton descended Demagogue Frederick John Kasper, 27, a Washington, D.C. bookseller (now free on \$10,000 bond while a contempt-of-court conviction is being appealed), to breathe racial fire into the quiet town. The vast majority of Clintonians remained willing to obey the law. But some followed Kasper, set themselves up as an obscene, stone-throwing vigilante group, drove the Negro children from Clinton high school (TIME, Sept. 10, *et seq.*).

"That'll Teach Yuh." The town election last week offered a test of the segregationists' strength; they backed candidates for mayor and three aldermanic posts against men who were willing to accept integration. The Rev. Paul Turner offered another test; he announced that

* It was originally named Burrville after Aaron Burr. When Burr was tried for treason, the town's name was changed to Clinton in honor of Vice President George Clinton.



RABBLE-ROUSERS TILL & BULLOCK AFTER ARREST
The mob was cast down.

on election day he would escort Negro children from their homes to Clinton high school. Even as Clinton's voters were moving to the polls, Paul Turner walked slowly up Foley's Hill, where he was met half way by six Negro boys and girls.

Turner led the nervously smiling children through a gauntlet of epithets ("nigger-lovin' son of a bitch") to the school, left them there, headed back through town. Suddenly his way was blocked by three husky men. One grabbed him. He twisted, ran headlong into another, broke away, dodged across the street and was caught again, just a few yards from one of Clinton's two polling places. Under a storm of fists, Turner fell back against a car that was soon smeared with his blood. Then he went all the way down. Others, including two hysterical mobs, joined the kicking, clawing, screaming mob. A man and a woman from a nearby insurance office tried to help Turner. The man was driven back and pelted with eggs; the woman was pushed against a storefront by another woman. Arriving belatedly, police broke up the brawl. Sneered one of Turner's assailants while being led away: "That'll teach yuh, Reverend."

"Come Out & Fight." Back at Clinton high school, a 13-year-old white boy was expelled for elbowing a Negro girl in the corridor. A little later, two toughs barged into the school, ordered a white student to lead them to "where the niggers are." Home-economics Teacher Clarice Brittain, wife of Principal D. J. Brittain Jr., appeared in the hallway. The roughnecks bolted for the nearest exit, jostling Mrs. Brittain and—once safely outside—daring her to "come out and fight." Completely unnerved, Principal Brittain consulted with members of the school board, announced: "The school is being closed because of lawlessness and disorder."

At that point, the segregationists clearly were carrying Clinton's critical day. But they had won only a skirmish.

Within hours after the violence had erupted, U.S. Attorney General Herbert Brownell Jr. ordered an FBI roundup of Clinton's segregationist leaders. Next day 16 of them (including White Citizens Council Leader W. H. Till and hate-spouting, part-time Preacher Alonzo Bullock) were arrested on contempt-of-court charges. At Clinton high school, shortly after it was closed, about 50 students met with Jerry Shattuck, 17, student-council president and football captain, and called for compliance "with the Federal Court order to provide an education for all the citizens of Anderson County who desire it."

And within minutes of the attack on the Rev. Paul Turner, a remarkable thing happened: the good people of Clinton, Tenn. began trooping to the polls in record numbers. Recording their disgust, they swamped all segregationist-backed candidates by margins of nearly three to one, elected as mayor cool-headed, fair-minded Judge T. Lawrence Seiber, 58. This, far more than the ugly face of the mob, was the true Clinton. In it lay hope for the South.

SEQUELS

Turncoats' Odyssey

Between Tsinan, an industrial city in the Chinese province of Shantung, and the Mississippi valley of the U.S.A. lie 8,000 miles, an ocean, half a continent—and an ideological infinity. One dark, rain-swept night last week, two ex-G.I.s of the Korean war completed the long journey between those points. For Arlie Howard Pate, 25, the trip ended near Carbondale, Ill.; for Aaron P. Wilson, 24, it was over at Urania, La.

Latest to come home of the 23 American turncoats who went over to the Communists at Panmunjon in 1953, they returned to the free world when they



Associated Press
REPATRIATES PATE (FRONT) & WILSON.
Thinking gives a man headaches.

walked across the international line into Hong Kong on Dec. 2. They were penniless, homesick and sullen and they wanted only to be home for Christmas. The U.S. State Department provided the means: non-interest-bearing loans to cover their \$636 airline tickets to the U.S.

Poverty & Ignorance. In their backgrounds there is much that Arlie Pate and Aaron Wilson share. Both come from God-fearing, churchgoing, poverty-ridden families. Pate's parents own a farm in the poor clay hills of southern Illinois; Wilson's live in a rickety three-room house in a company-owned lumber town in north-central Louisiana. Both youths quit school early—Pate in the ninth grade, Wilson in the eighth. They were in the Army at 17, fighting in Korea as infantrymen in the U.S. 7th Division the following year. Both were captured near Chosin Reservoir in December 1950. After that came prison camp, Panmunjon and life under Communism.

* Eight of the 23 have now returned to the U.S., one died in China, 14 presumably are still there.

Aside from their backgrounds, Pate and Wilson have little else in common. After reaching Hong Kong, Pate's confidence expanded with each passing hour, his glibness grew apace, he fended deftly with reporters and mugged happily for cameramen from China to Carbondale. In Arlie Pate's phosphorescent wake, Aaron Wilson, mouse-timid, dull-eyed, tongue-tied, went almost unnoticed.

Curiosity & Cho. To the inevitable questions Arlie had ready answers—for both of them. Why had he gone over to the Communists? "Curiosity. I wanted to take a look at China. I was just an adventurous young kid." Why, after three years, had he changed his mind? His family needed him, he was homesick. And there were other reasons: while working in a Chinese People's Republic paper plant at Tsinan, he had met Cho, a co-worker, and they enjoyed each other—until Cho uncommunally began to hint of marriage. "If I had married her," said Arlie, "I might not have been able to get home." Then there were those headaches. Said Arlie: "Thinking all the time gives a man headaches."

In Carbondale the reaction to Arlie's return was mixed. Some were prepared to forgive and forget. His ex-boss at an East St. Louis auto-parts company said he could have his old delivery boy's job back if he wanted it. But others were angered by Arlie's basking in the spotlight. "If he comes in here," said a Carbondale bartender, "he might just get it. This is still rough country."

Cake & a Helping Hand. Three hours after Pate's homecoming, Aaron Wilson reached Urania. Housewives there had baked pies and cakes and brought them to the Wilson home. "I'm too shook up to lift a pot or pan," said Aaron's mother, "and those good folks have just took over." "All I ask," said his father, Henry Wilson, "is that they leave him be."

And Urania, which gave Aaron a big sendoff when he enlisted in the Army in 1949, seemed ready now to leave him be.

THE SOUTH POLE

Where All Directions Are North

The bulky, parka-clad man paused in the hatch of the transport plane and reached back for the duffel bags handed up by a friend. In them were some of his most prized possessions: dozens of tape recordings of *South Pacific* music, Beethoven sonatas, harp solos. The big man waved goodbye. "See you in 1958," said Paul Siple, 47, a geographer and polar explorer from Arlington, Va. Then he flew off from the U.S. Navy base at McMurdo Sound in the antarctic for a 14-month stay at the most isolated community on earth.

Seven hours after take-off, Siple's plane was nearing 90° south, the point at which all meridians converge, from which all directions are north—the mathematical bottom of the earth. A featureless snow desert stretched away into a glittering white nothingness below. Then, inconspicuously, there was sudden evidence of man



Ed Rees

EXPLORER-SCIENTIST SIPLE
Sonatas for the mathematical bottom.

and the machine age. Tracks cut deep into the snow marked the routes of skiers, sledges, tractors and ski planes. Where they converged was a cluster of orange and tan huts and mechanized equipment.

The transport slid in for its landing, its skis burying softly, quickly into the sandlike antarctic snow. Siple was first out; after shaking hands with the men who had come from the huts to greet him, he unclipped his gear from the plane. At this two-mile-high U.S. base at the South Pole, Paul Siple (who first visited the antarctic as a Boy Scout with Admiral Richard Byrd's 1928-30 expedition, was a member of four later expeditions) will direct the research activities of a group of U.S. scientists who in the coming months hope to wrest from the antarctic some of its best-kept secrets.

Under Siple's direction, four meteorologists, a glaciologist, a seismologist and upper-atmosphere specialists will dig deep into the antarctic's frozen crust and probe far into its icy, gale-lashed upper atmosphere. While they pursue their specialties, other scientists will be working at six other U.S. bases around the rim of the 5,000,000-sq.-mi. continent. Like the polar scientists of ten other nations now assaulting Antarctica, all are participants in the International Geophysical Year studies of 1957-58. The I.G.Y.'s objective: a free exchange of the newly gained scientific information among all the nations concerning the world they inhabit.

WEATHER

The Big Dry

"Of the many natural forces that wage war on farmers and ranchers, the most demoralizing is prolonged drought. In its grip the individual farmer is well-nigh helpless." Harking back to his own boyhood days, when drought helped plunge his father into debt, the President of the U.S. thus assessed the plight of hundreds of thousands of American farmers one day

early this fall. To aid them, he went on, his Administration has instituted the most extensive relief program in the nation's agricultural history. Last week Dwight Eisenhower raised the possibility that the Federal Government may try to do more to help the drought victims. From his Augusta, Ga. headquarters, Ike announced plans to inspect personally the parched farmlands of the Great Plains and the Southwest.

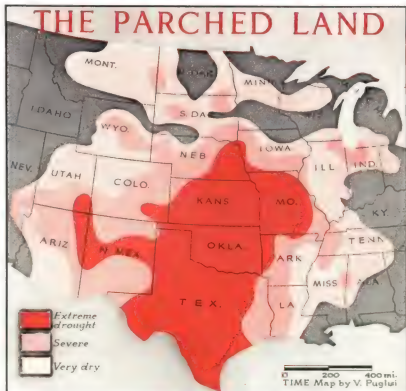
Cancer on the Land. The announcement of the President's trip dramatized a remarkable situation: almost without notice elsewhere in the country, one of the worst droughts of all time has spread like a massive cancer across the heartland of America. It has lasted for slightly less than two years in some areas, for an unbelievable ten years in others. Blighted by it today is more than half the nation's land surface—approximately 1,700,000 sq. mi. in 26 states. It is at its worst, in terms of both intensity and duration, in half a million sq. mi. of the Southwest (see map). Streams and lakes have vanished, century-old trees have shriveled and died, millions of citizens have suffered economic loss and personal hardship.

But the spectacular phenomena which became the symbols of human misery during the Dust Bowl of the 1930s have been largely missing during the Big Dry of the 1950s. There has been no mass exodus from the land, no flivver-powered migration to the green valleys of California, no grim threat of starvation. Even the ugly, rolling dust clouds of 20 years ago have been comparatively rare. The three big reasons: 1) in the booming national economy of 1956, many a farmer has been able to feed his family, pay his bills and save

his land by taking a job in the nearest industrial plant; 2) conservation and land-management advances, e.g., irrigation projects, deep plowing, the intelligent use of cover crops, have saved much of the soil and some of the crops; 3) the Eisenhower Administration's program of soil-bank payments, liberalized credit, freight-rate reductions and subsidization of stock-feed purchases for drought-plagued farmers has taken up some of the slack.

Beneath the Cushions. But for all the mid-century cushions, the current drought has exacted its toll. In five years, it has stolen an estimated \$2.7 billion from the pockets of Texas farmers and ranchers alone; over its entire area, the total is many times higher. Too frequently, those hit hardest have been those least able to resist. Among them: cotton-growing tenant farmers in Oklahoma and Texas, whose seared fields have not yielded so much as a bale in two, three, even four years; small stockmen in Arizona, New Mexico, Colorado, Nevada, who have been forced to sell off even their breeding stock; dairymen in Missouri and Kansas, who have spent their lives building up small but good herds but can no longer feed and water them.

Cutting back, selling off stock and equipment to meet a mortgage payment, holding on just a little longer in the hope that some day the rains will come again, most farmers are refusing to give up the fight, with the kind of hope and persistence that only farmers know. One rain, they realize, will not end a drought. In many areas, not even a winter of heavy snow will make much difference. What Nature has taken years to destroy, she now must take years to rebuild.



BUDAPEST: SHATTERED BUT INDOMITABLE



Photography by Michael Rousier—Life

HOUSEWIVES, in these pictures brought out last week, set out early into the torn streets in search of food, since bread and onions are scarce, queues long, and shops close by 2 p.m.



UNIFORMED FIREMEN, stoutly aided by women and boys, work to clear the wreckage of a building on Jozsef Circle, the scene of some of the fiercest fighting against the Russians.

FRESHLY DUG GRAVES of some of Hungary's 25,000 fallen Freedom Fighters lie covered with flowers (mostly paper) in Budapest's Kerepesi Cemetery.



IMPROVISED BOOKSTALL, set up on József Circle, bids for customers in the midst of the rubble. This section of Budapest looks like the Berlin of 1945, and the same stench of death and

shellfire destruction still hangs over it. Near by is Maria Theresia barracks, where heroic Major General Pal Maleter led the resistance until the Russians tricked him into capture.

FOREIGN NEWS

HUNGARY

Doing It Themselves

As the British and French, howling to the U.N., began withdrawing their forces from Suez with consequences which may in time bring down both their governments, a new wave of fighting broke out in Hungary, and the U.N. showed itself impotent to stop it.

In the U.N., as in the U.S., no one but a Communist could be happy about the world's inability to help Hungary more. Most Americans understood, if not all others did, that the U.S. failure to respond

ingly threatened trouble in the Middle East or vowed to send guided missiles over the English channel. Such a fear did not paralyze U.S. policy in the Middle East, as Eisenhower's reply to Bulganin showed. It is only in the area now Russian, where the Communists might be expected to fight for what they could not risk losing, that the assessment became subtle and difficult. This consideration was the reason for the measures which the U.S. took: airlifting of refugees, relaxation of immigration laws, donations to rescue committees and the Red Cross, pressures in the U.N. All of these may be unsatisfactory substitutes

Prod & Nudge. Yet it would be wrong to say that for the people of the satellites there was no future in protest. It is precisely their resistance that makes possible the belief that the whole Soviet regime must in time come tumbling down, destroyed by its own cruelties, repressions, rivalries, incursions, failures. And should the Soviet empire collapse in this way, the whole world and not just the U.S. could be grateful that it was achieved without the mutual devastation of nuclear war. In the crumbling, many innocent people would be hurt, crushed, killed. Having denied itself the ultimate weapon for helping Hungary, the U.S. was honor-bound to use every method it knows—economic, social, diplomatic and undiplomatic—to alleviate Hungary's difficulties: not to become disheartened by the seeming futility of bringing moral pressure on the Russians, to do more to isolate Russia as a moral leper, to succor all the victims, to prod and nudge Russia into an accounting and to a halting.

All this would not be much for self-congratulation. Though it is a hard saying, the success of the Hungary revolt remains in Hungarian hands. One important side effect of this condition is that the Hungarians have "clean hands"; even the Russians cannot say with a straight face that the uprising is just a conspiracy thought up by Allen Dulles and fought by a handful of reactionary landlords. This is an entire people speaking, and speaking proudly for themselves.

They continue to resist not only because they are brave, but because they have to. The workers' councils, the citizens' groups, the army units dare not let the Kadar regime regain full control of the country. They cannot overthrow the Red Army, but their strength lies in the fact that neither can the Russians mine coal in army tanks. Some kind of agreed or understood armistice between workers' council and regime, protecting the Hungarians against reprisals in return for a resumption of stability, is what the rebels must continue to fight for. One thing the U.S. and U.N. cannot do is to regard the battle as over and opportunity past, for it is not, and ways of helping have not been exhausted. Has Dwight Eisenhower, with his immense world prestige, used all available resources to bring pressure, inside and outside the U.N., on Soviet Russia?

In time the Hungarians themselves may say, to nobody's comfort, what Field Marshal Mannerheim proudly said about his Finns: "Nobody gave us our liberty."

The Rivalry of Exhaustion

It was a month to the day since the Russians returned to crush, by treachery and murder, the first nation ever to throw off a Communist regime. At a street corner near the Danube, two Budapest housewives raised the Hungarian tricolor aloft and shouted: "Any more Hungarians? Only women wanted this time."

Housewives, young girls, black-shawled



Michael Rougier—Lef

WOMEN PROTEST MARCHERS IN BUDAPEST
"We shall never be slaves."

decisively in Hungary was not out of indifference or cowardice, but from the conviction that all-out assistance to Hungary ran the risk of starting World War III.

Taking Chances. Some argued that if the U.S. had made a determined armed intervention, the Russians would not have gone to war over Hungary. It is a possibility. But had these critics sat in the National Security Council, responsible for the decision, could they have said: "There is a 40% chance—maybe even 50%—that the Russians will not strike back. Therefore I will press the button?" Such a decision would involve not only American skins, but the lives of all the men and women of Moscow, and the lives of all those Europeans who live in between, including the Hungarians.

This kind of fear of war, if it guided every American action in places remote from vital Russian interests, would paralyze decision and leave no alternative but to surrender every time Bulganin bluster-

for armed aid, but the U.S., acknowledging their inadequacy, still found them all well worth the doing.

But what were the people of the satellites to think? Had they nothing more to hope for and no one to count on? There were many who had heard the Voice of America and Radio Free Europe lending them encouragement. A close scrutiny of propaganda broadcasts would undoubtedly show that no promise had been made to come to their aid if they started something, but desperate people might not have noticed this final omission. The real lesson of the June 1953 revolt in East Germany and of the Poznan riots in Poland last summer was that the U.S., for all its sympathy (a quality easy to ridicule when it is not backed up by something stronger) was not prepared to go to the rescue of an armed uprising in any satellite. On the technicalities the U.S. might not be guilty of false encouragement, but could hardly be happy to leave it at that.

old women, they streamed from shopping queues, broken buildings, rubble-strewn side streets. Then, 4,000 strong, the widows and sisters of Budapest marched for Heroes Square to honor the memory of their men. As they trudged through the rain, some bore flowers, but most carried only thin shoppers' bundles of bread, cabbages, onions. Threading past the wreckage of their city, they chanted the words of Sandor Petöfi, poet of Hungary's 1848 revolt: "We shall never be slaves."

Pocketbook Clue. At the square, 30 heeling Russian tanks blocked their way. The Russians let a few women pass to put their flowers on the tomb of the Unknown Soldier. But when others pressed forward, the Russian soldiers fired their Tommy guns. The women ran. One fell, shot in the leg.

Next day the women returned, bearing wreaths and black flags; this time Puppet Premier Janos Kadar's newly revamped security police beat them back with gun butts. When some of the women took cover in the British legation, a Russian tank lumbered up and stuck its gun into the open door. In his iciest Foreign Office manner, First Secretary Christopher Cope told the tank commander that he needed no Russian protection from "our Hungarian friends." Another delegation of women entered the U.S. legation a couple of blocks away, with a plea for U.N. help. Four Russian tanks roared up; Kadar's cops swung rifle butts, and legation staffers watched police carry off two truckloads of women. A Russian column charged up to a third group outside the Yugoslav embassy, pushed 15 to 20 demonstrators into armored cars, and made off. In a last despairing act, the women flung their pocketbooks to the crowd. From identification cards found inside, the Budapest Workers' Council made lists of the abducted women and protested to Russian and Hungarian authorities, both of whom professed innocence.

The march of the Budapest women was symptomatic of Hungary, where revolutionary fires were flickering again among the tortured and exhausted people. Tense and jumpy, they were obviously near the end of their endurance. Yet so was Premier Janos Kadar and his little gang of Soviet stooges. Seven weeks after the revolution broke out, there was still no effective government in Hungary, and throughout the country, especially outside Budapest, the revolution-born workers' councils were reaching out more and more for the local government functions that the Kadar regime was unable to perform.

But the prospect of a dual government was a challenge that Kadar's Russian bosses could not abide. Last week Kadar's newly revamped secret police began arresting leaders of factory workers' councils. Workers in a dozen plants struck in protest, and the roused patriots of Budapest tangled with Kadar's cops in the streets. Four died in one fight that started when Kadar forces paraded the Red flag past the West railway station. In the countryside scores were reported killed fighting against police and Russian soldiers



HUNGARIAN OLYMPIC DEFECTOR*
To go or not to go?

—ten in the mining center of Tatabánya alone. The Budapest Workers' Council, chief spokesman for the rebels, posted word in factories that "if this keeps up, the workers will turn against the government for good, and the end will be a general strike, bloodshed and a new national tragedy." Next day the government released 60 of 200 arrested men, but Kadar told a delegation he would destroy all council leaders who opposed him as "counter-revolutionaries."

This week, as the Budapest Central Council ordered a two-day general strike to begin Monday night, the government dissolved all workers' councils, declared a state of martial law, and cut off all communication with the outside. The struggle for power went on in hapless Hungary.

At the rate of 2,400 a day, Hungarians continued to flee west over the Austrian border. Though well below last month's peak daily rate of 8,500, the arrival of more thousands left great numbers of people to be fed, cared for, and—with luck—moved elsewhere. At week's end there were some 73,786 refugees in Austria. In all, 121,504 Hungarians have crossed the frontier since Oct. 28. The U.S. has agreed to take 21,500. France, Britain and Canada have set no limits.

Parting in Melbourne

The races to be run, the records to be broken, were not all that preoccupied the heavyhearted Hungarian Olympic team. Fresh from the ordeal of a revolution at home in which many had fought and for which victory seemed certain at the time of their leaving, the young athletes heard the bad news soon afterward during a brief stay-over in Communist Czechoslovakia. "I am regaining control of their physical condition," said Chief Coach Mihaly Igloi, when his boys and girls were settled

at last in Melbourne. "but their minds are in Hungary."

From the moment of their arrival in Australia, many of the athletes began inquiring about their chances of finding asylum in the West. It was not an easy decision to make. Few, if any, of the athletes were dedicated Communists, but an Olympic champion is an important man behind the Iron Curtain and is generally sure of a guaranteed income far beyond the average, and many special privileges. Defection would mean losing all of these sure advantages for a doubtful future in a strange country. And failure to return might mean reprisals against relatives.

Gradually the team became divided between the "goers" and the "stayers," but there was no bitterness between the two groups. "I have to go back," one of the goers told a weeping Hungarian girl from Queensland. "My parents are old, and I may be the only one able to give them bread." Crew Coach Zoltan Torok, while still in Prague, had made up his mind to escape in Australia. Others sounded out Australians and U.S. team members, and were given assurances.

They had to be discreet. Minutes after making their last appearance, the entire Hungarian gymnast team was whisked away by friends to a safe and secret hiding place. Some of the championship water poloists were still damp from a workout in the pool—and still mad over their encounter with the Russians (*see SPORT*)—when they, too, were hurried off.

One day last week, as the moment for parting arrived, the athletes bound for home climbed aboard buses headed for the Melbourne airport. "It's a terrible thing to see them go," said a Melbourne Hungarian, while a girl athlete sobbed near by. Next day the 45 who had decided to stay in the West climbed into buses to board another plane, bound for freedom. Even for them, there was no joy. Hearts torn in two directions are not quick to gaiety, and at the airport even a champion wrestler was seen to be weeping unashamed.

GREAT BRITAIN

Collision Over Collusion

The word "collusion" hung like a mushroom-shaped cloud over the Suez debate in the House of Commons last week. "If collusion can be established," said Labor's Aneurin Bevan, "the whole fabric of the government's case falls to the ground." The main theme of Foreign Secretary Selwyn Lloyd's defense was to show that while "it is true that we were well aware of the possibility of trouble," there was no secret agreement between Prime Ministers Anthony Eden, Guy Mollet and David Ben-Gurion over the timing of their respective attacks on Egypt, and that there was neither deceit nor fraud in Eden's declared objective of "separating the combatants" and "removing the risk to free passage of the canal."

Lloyd's denial did not cover what the real accusation of collusion was about (*TIME*, Nov. 12). This was that Britain and France knew in advance that Ben-

* Walker Janos Somogyi (pointing to a news picture of his wife), who defected after learning that she was safe in Vienna.



Cummings—London Daily Express

SELWYN LLOYD: "MR. PRESIDENT, CAN'T YOU SEND US JUST SOMETHING? WE HAVE TO APPEAR IN PUBLIC TODAY!"

Gurion was going to attack Egypt, though they expected the invasion to take place nearer U.S. Election Day, a few days later than it actually did (thus accounting for the initial slowness of the Anglo-French operation). France viewed with enthusiasm, and Britain with at least equanimity, an Israeli attack on Nasser, and both France and Britain conspired to keep the U.S. in the dark about their Israeli intelligence and their own military intentions.

Now that Britain had to withdraw from Suez without getting the canal or bringing down Nasser, Selwyn Lloyd had two options: to confess defeat or to brazen it through. He chose to claim a victory.

Speaking in cold, forensic tones, Lloyd raised his voice only slightly in an effort to make himself heard above the laughter and vaudeville din of the Labor Opposition, whose parliamentary behavior was about as zoologic as the House of Commons gets. Lloyd argued that the Anglo-French attack on Egypt was justified by the "failure of the U.N. to keep the peace" in the area. He claimed three important objectives achieved: 1) the Israeli-Egyptian war had been stopped, 2) an international police force had been put into position to prevent its resumption, 3) Russian designs had been exposed and dislocated. Nye Bevan called Lloyd's performance "sounding the bugle of advance to cover the retreat."

Lloyd's weak defense against the charge of collusion was meat for Labor's Big Bad Wolf. Said Bevan: "It is believed in France that the French [government] knew about the Israeli intention. If the French knew, did they tell the British government? The fact is that all these long telephone conversations and conferences between M. Guy Mollet, M. P. P. and the Prime Minister are intelligible only on the assumption that something was being cooked up." Bevan had his own picturesque fable for the situation. "Did Marianne take John Bull to an unknown rendezvous? Did Marianne say to John Bull that there was a forest fire going to start, and did John Bull then say, 'We ought to put it out,' but Marianne said, 'No, let us warm our hands by it. It is a nice fire.' Did Marianne deceive John Bull or seduce him?"

Bevan's Welsh lilt drifted round the chamber and the silver tongue stripped Lloyd's speech to shreds. Of the government's claim that the action was justified because it brought the U.N. into the area, he said: "Exactly the same claim which might have been made, if they had thought about it in time, by Mussolini and Hitler, that they had made war on the world in order to bring the U.N. into being." He poured derision on the suggestion that Eden had acted to stop the Israelis' attacking Egypt: "Israel being the wicked invader we, of course, being the nice friend of Egypt—went to protect her from the Israelis, but, unfortunately, we had to bomb the Egyptians first." On the British-French decision to invade Port Said on the ground that there was still doubt of an Israeli cease-fire: "In the history of nations there is no example of such frivolity."

Refreningly succinct was Bevan's estimate of why Eden went to war. "We started the operation in order to give Nasser a black eye—if we could, to overthrow him—but, in any case, to secure control of the canal." But Britain miscalculated: "Did we really believe that Nasser was going to give in at once?" Bevan wound up solemnly: "If we are to be regarded as a decent nation . . . we have to act up to different standards than the one that we have been following in the last few weeks."

Nye Bevan's speech, a brilliant and deadly parliamentary performance, far outshone anyone else's on either side. He made a far better impression than Labor Party Leader Hugh Gaitskill, whom many Tories reproved for not controlling the hyena cries of his supporters. Gaitskill also lost his temper over Selwyn Lloyd's taunt that Labor arguments "were very present on the lips of the enemies of this country." Since seeking to divide the Opposition is fair parliamentary game, House of Commons Leader R. A. ("Rab") Butler, standing in for Eden, scored effectively by double punning a line from Ethel Merman's famed song in *Annie Get Your Gun*: "Anything Hugh can do, Nye can do better."

The Conservatives were less worried by Labor criticism than by the irascible rebel Tories who, unconcerned about collusion,

were angered by the government's failure to capture the whole canal and bring the action against Nasser to a decisive conclusion. In the corridors and party rooms persuasion and coercion went on ceaselessly as whips buttonholed each rebel, plugged the argument that if the Tory government fell it would mean a Labor government in power. When the vote came for support of the government's Suez policy, the division was on party lines (312 to 269); it was the arguments of the Tory whips, not those of Bevan, that prevailed.

A modest 15 "Suez rebels" abstained, far short of the 126 who a week before objected to the course the government had just taken. Even this protest was somewhat artificial. The rebels had safely calculated the proper amount of abstentions: more might endanger the government, less would not sufficiently warn it. What the rebels wanted was not a change of government but a change of Conservative leadership.

Face the Music

The Eden government won its victory in the House of Commons, against the Socialists in front of them and Tory critics behind them, but the sniping against Sir Anthony Eden continued. Privately, Eden was as much condemned in the lobbies of Westminster for his absence—from exhaustion, nerves or whatever—as for his misfortunes.

Randolph Churchill, who can be counted upon to put most snidely what others may be thinking, compared Eden's generalship with Hitler's conduct in leading his troops to Stalingrad and leaving them there, except that "Hitler, with all his faults, did not winter in Jamaica." The Conservative *Daily Telegraph* reported Eden in Jamaica keeping in "fitful touch with London," which was not "fair to his colleagues in London—or, indeed, to the country." In the bars of Fleet Street and the clubs of St. James's, Eden's future and a possible realignment of Tory leadership were the universal topics of conversation.

To Tory Randolph Churchill, it was clear that Eden, like the Suez forces, was planning a "phased withdrawal" from politics. But the lack of an undisputed successor in the true-blue Tory line made

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this difficult at the moment: the closest rivals were the acting Prime Minister, Richard A. Butler, and Chancellor of the Exchequer Harold Macmillan—Rab Butler's claims to be first in line could not be lightly set aside, but some of the Tories most desirous of a change did not want to change to him, and it was to Butler's interest to keep Eden in office until such time as the succession could be uncontroversially agreed upon.

To quiet all the talk of change, No. 10 Downing Street declared that Eden would return from Jamaica this week and had no intention of resigning. The reins of government, said Rab Butler, would be "handed back" to Eden immediately, adding with a characteristic nuance that Eden would wish to face the music.

Worse to Come

The first public reckoning of the economic cost of Eden's Suez policy hit Parliament like a splash of cold water, thrown by Chancellor of the Exchequer Harold Macmillan, whose sober demeanor seemed to say: *in aqua frigida veritas*. The jeers and roars that had greeted Selwyn Lloyd gave way to somber attentiveness when Macmillan gravely declared: "The customary monthly announcement on the gold and dollar reserves is being issued to the press today . . . It shows a fall of \$279 million in the reserves."

Low, involuntary whistles of dismay broke the silence. The drop Macmillan reported was the biggest for any single month in the past five years, and it brought Britain's dollar reserves to their lowest level (\$1.9 billion) since December 1952. The cause of this fiscal hemorrhage was self-evident: the disastrous attack on Egypt had weakened international confidence in the future of the British economy, led traders all over the world to exchange sterling for dollars in anticipation of devaluation of the pound.

Humiliating but Necessary. The only way the British government could keep the value of the pound from plummeting would be to buy up at the present rate of exchange (about \$2.80) all the sterling offered. To demonstrate Britain's determination and ability to do so, Macmillan soberly outlined a series of measures by which he could almost double the nation's liquid dollar reserves. In case of urgent necessity, Britain could withdraw as much as \$661 million of the \$1.3 billion she had subscribed to the International Monetary Fund, and permission to make such withdrawals had already been requested. "Secondly," said the chancellor, "Her Majesty's Government own U.S. dollar securities to the value of between \$750 million and \$1 billion . . . I am assured that, if requested, support in the form of a loan against these holdings will be promptly available . . . from the appropriate agency in the U.S."

As a final drastic step, Macmillan had asked the U.S. and Canada to forgo this year's interest on their postwar loans to Britain (\$81.6 million to the U.S., \$22.2 million to Canada), and had been informed by the U.S. Treasury that Con-

gress would almost certainly consent. In Britain's current anti-American mood this was a humiliating and unpopular move, but it was one that would keep a precious \$702 million available for the defense of the pound.

Massive Effort. Thanks to Macmillan's Draconian measures, Britain stood a good chance of staving off fiscal disaster, but for the British economy in general, the worst effects are still to come. Even with U.S. help, Britain will have to learn to live with no more than three-quarters of her normal oil supply. Ordinary motorists will get only enough gas to carry them 200 miles a month. Gasoline rationing is already hurting new-car sales. One thousand auto workers have been laid off, and another 16,000 have had their working hours cut. Macmillan also raised the tax on 40¢ a gallon. This increase, together with a simultaneous price hike by the oil companies, drove the retail price of gasoline as high as 92¢ an imperial gallon.

The full impact of these severities has yet to be felt by most Britons, who are crowding the stores to buy Christmas stocks that were built up before the Suez trouble. But already some Britons had decided to go while the going is good. The Canadian, Australian and New Zealand immigration offices in London were getting more than twice as many applications as they had a month before.

FRANCE

Beginning of an End

The French were franker than the British about Suez. Said Socialist Premier Guy Mollet last week: "We did not tell President Eisenhower about the Franco-British invasion, because if we had, the U.S. would have insisted on our stopping." Mollet did not acknowledge that the main French objective was to unseat Nasser.



Robert Cohen—Back Stage

FRANCE'S MENDES-FRANCE
Bringing back the old ones.

but the failure to achieve this aim was threatening the life of his government last week.

To bring down Nasser, the French reasoned, was to stop the flow of money, arms and propaganda which keeps Algeria in active revolt. Merely to wound Nasser was to leave Algeria as serious a situation as before. With less than 100 of the 486 Deputies present, Parliament listened in frigid silence as Foreign Minister Christian Pineau announced the withdrawal of French troops from Suez.

At the outset every party (except the Communists) had supported Mollet's Suez policy. Last week the same Deputies were bitterly divided. Those who had been against aggression, but afraid to speak out, were condemning Mollet in almost the same terms as those who, favoring aggression, now resented his failure to finish the job. Mollet's own Socialist Party was split last week: 17 Socialist Deputies, including former Minister of Interior Jules Moch, demanded an extraordinary national party congress to review Mollet's record. The Radical Socialist Party headed by Pierre Mendes-France threatened to withdraw its 13 ministers from Mollet's coalition Cabinet unless he revised his Middle East and Algerian policies. The M.R.P. (Catholic) Party voted against Mollet in Parliament, forcing him to carry the issue (a minor budgetary item) on Communist votes. The meaning of these rebukes was plain to most Frenchmen: the politicians were turning their back on Mollet. This is the inevitable first step in an ancient French ritual: first declare your victim *usé* (finished), put together a hypothetical majority to replace his government, then agree on a potential new Premier and the proper distribution of Cabinet posts.

Who would succeed Mollet? Mollet has held office for 10½ months, longer than any one expected him to, proving himself an abler politician than he was given credit for being. He lasted largely because he has faced up to disagreeable tasks (e.g., drafting soldiers for Algeria) that few other French politicians relished. With gas rationing, unemployment and inflation building up, and no Algerian solution in sight, the problems facing the next Premier appear even less attractive. No obvious candidate has yet appeared, but ingenious solutions were being peddled, including a "Syndicat des anciens," or a Cabinet composed entirely of ex-Premiers (there have been 15 since the war).

Mendes-France had an even more radical proposal: that a Cabinet of ex-Premiers be formed "under the patronage" of General Charles de Gaulle. Recovered from a cataract operation, the famed World War II Free French leader has been coming to Paris once a week from his retreat at Colomby-les-Deux-Églises and seeing some politicians. De Gaulle always made his terms perfectly clear: a stronger executive and a "large and liberal" French Union in which the North African states would have independent status. Scorning the come-and-go of ordinary Premiers, he waits for the day when he is needed so badly that his price will be paid.

The Abbé

As a young man, Guy Desnoyers wanted more than anything else to be a surgeon. But there was no money in his family to pay for long years of medical education, so after brooding for a while over his lost dreams, Guy, at the age of 20, turned to the priesthood. As the abbé of the little village of Urfelle in the Department of Meurthe-et-Moselle, he became a dynamo of public service, always busily organizing youth groups, a theatrical society, football team and other worthwhile projects. On Sundays, his sermons crackled with reproof of parishioners less disposed to such constant activity, but even the reproof agreed that handsome, young Abbé Desnoyers was a godsend to the flock.

The most devoted, perhaps, of all the stern young abbé's admirers was the rosy-cheeked peasant girl Régine, with whose family the priest often dined on Saturdays. Eager to help in his work, Régine took on the job of tending the church altar and the sacerdotal robes, and her kindly parents were proud indeed of their daughter—proud, that is, until one day early this year when Régine told them that she was pregnant and refused to name the father of her unborn child.

Time at last healed the wound in the parents' hearts, however, and by last week, though Régine still refused to name its father, her own mother and father bought a crib and layette and were looking forward to the birth of their grandchild. But it was not to be. One night, haggard and distracted, the young parish priest rushed in to report a fearful thing: he had found Régine shot through the head on a country road, beside her child, cut out of her body and cruelly stabbed to death.

Who had perpetrated such a frightful crime? After a night of questioning, the police got the answer from the criminal himself—the frustrated surgeon-turned-priest, who had performed his first operation on the dead body of his mistress. "I offered Régine absolution before I killed her," said the Abbé Desnoyers.

ITALY

Butcher Stay Home

Italian headline writers found a welcoming name for 54-year-old Soviet Politburocrat Mikhail Suslov: "The Butcher of Budapest." The butcher, accompanied by Russia's ranking woman Communist, Ekaterina Furtseva, was on his way to Rome to lay down the line to the eighth congress of the Italian Communist Party, which until the events in Hungary claimed 2,130,000 members (probable current membership: less than 1,500,000). Suslov is the least known of the top half dozen Kremlin leaders, but what is known of him is not endearing: he is a flinty, ascetic Stalinist, a specialist on the satellites, who arrived in Budapest shortly before the Soviet crackdown began.

Suslov was already en route from Moscow to Rome when Italian Interior Minister Fernando Tambroni announced that



SUSLOV

A little hostility is a useful thing.

Suslov would not be admitted to Italy. "The ministry," explained the official Demo-Christian newspaper *Il Popolo*, "wishes to avoid demonstrations of dislike or perhaps of open hostility to Suslov's person."

Italians, aroused by the events in Hungary, for the most part rejoiced in this rebuke to the commissar. But one official in the Foreign Office sighed: "The presence of Suslov at the congress would have been an embarrassment to Italy's Red Boss [Togliatti], because it would have been clear evidence of Togliatti's subjection to Moscow, and to the toughest Stalinist in Europe, Togliatti will find things easier without him." As for fears that Suslov's presence might provoke anti-Russian demonstrations, a Western diplomat cracked: "A little pushing around wouldn't hurt him."

UNITED NATIONS

Useful Lesson

Adaptable as they are, Soviet diplomats doubtless learned a useful lesson from last week's U.N. deliberations: tyranny may be beyond the reach of the U.N., but a breach of parliamentary manners is risky business.

Russia's trouble began when Soviet First Deputy Foreign Minister Vasily V. Kuznetsov made the mistake of trying to crack the whip over the General Assembly. At issue was the Security Council seat to be vacated at year's end by Yugoslavia in accordance with a "gentlemen's agreement" devised in 1955 to break a 35-ballot deadlock between Yugoslavia and the Philippines. Under this agreement, Yugoslavia was to hold the seat for the first half of the normal two-year term and the Philippines for the second. Now, however, Kuznetsov, claiming that Russia had "made no promises" to observe the

agreement, demanded that Communist Czechoslovakia be elected to replace Yugoslavia. If the Philippines should be elected, he warned, Russia would veto any proposal to add two seats to the eleven-man Security Council for Asian and Latin American powers.

Irritated by this crude attempt at blackmail, the Assembly lost no time in handing Kuznetsov a well-earned rebuff. By a vote of 51-20, the Philippines got a seat in the Council.

Doing something about the bloody oppression in Hungary, however, came harder. Early last week Hungarian Foreign Minister Imre Horvath somewhat evasively announced that the puppet government of Janos Kadar was ready to discuss plans for U.N. Secretary-General Dag Hammarskjöld's proposed trip to Hungary. When Hammarskjöld replied that he was prepared to arrive in Budapest on Dec. 16, Horvath equably relayed this information to his government.

Within 24 hours Hammarskjöld had his answer—via radio broadcast. "The Hammarskjöld visit," said Radio Budapest flatly, "will not take place on Dec. 16." The Kadar government did not trouble to send the Secretary-General a formal reply.

The obvious next step for the General Assembly was one that some U.N. members had been urging, and others holding out against, for three weeks—suspension of Horvath and the rest of the Kadar government's U.N. delegation.

POLAND

Concordat of Coexistence

For the first time a Communist regime and the Roman Catholic Church formally agreed to work positively together. The regime was the new national Communist government of Poland, which last week threw over Marx ("Religion is the opium of the people") and promised to remove all barriers to "the realization of the principles of full freedom of religious life" in the country. In return, the Polish Catholic hierarchy pledged "support for all the works of the people's Poland to bring together the efforts of all citizens for the welfare of the entire country."

One of the first acts of Wladyslaw Gomulka, after he shot back into power last October on a nationwide upsurge of anti-Russian feeling, was to set Stefan Cardinal Wyszynski, Primate of Poland, free from house arrest. Like Roman Catholic leaders in other Soviet satellites, the cardinal had been taken into custody during the bitter Stalinist struggle to convert the 85% Roman Catholic country to the atheistic Communism of its conquerors. Back suddenly in Warsaw, and instantly a national hero, Wyszynski set an example of restraint and patience to the faithful. In sermons and public announcements, he made the same pleas as Gomulka for national unity, calm, and hard work.

Gomulka, who announced that "Communism is flexible enough for everything except permitting man to exploit man," was ready to try all sorts of unorthodox

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Howard Sachse—UPI
PRESIDENT KUWATLY
 A donkey upstairs.

ways to hold Poland for Communism. He named Jerzy Satachelski, former Minister of Health, to the new Office of Church Affairs. In return for the public pledge of support, Satachelski quickly conceded the cardinal's representatives' two main demands: 1) that religious instruction be given in schools for all whose parents ask it; 2) that church appointments no longer be subject to state veto. Having gained these concessions, the Vatican last week named five auxiliary bishops to long-vacant Polish dioceses in the western lands taken from Germany (the Vatican did not accredit them to specific districts so as to take no sides in the German-Polish territorial rivalry). Finally, the Gomulka government released imprisoned priests to resume their parish work in Silesia.

Crisis in Coal

The first economic consequence of the new independence hit Poland last week. For lack of coal, iron foundries and chemical factories closed down, other heavy industries went on part-time, and the coal-burning railways canceled some 75 regular train schedules. Rushing to the Silesian mining center of Katowice, Wladyslaw Gomulka told the miners that their output had slid off calamitously since they tasted freedom. Unless they spent more time in the pits and less at meetings, and unless they began obeying mine bosses' orders again, said Gomulka, Poland would not have enough coal to send abroad for the food and raw materials it must import to live on. There is "no possibility" of general wage raises in 1957, said he, without a simultaneous increase in production. But Gomulka had a special concession for the miners: since they were underpaid their "basic wages should be appropriately raised." This did not stop absenteeism. Two days later, at one nearby mine, 311 of 1,318 miners failed to report for work.

SYRIA

Open House

The Syrian government, which for weeks virtually cut off all communications with the outside world, and in its heavily censored press permitted only the official Russian version on Hungary to be printed, suddenly flung wide its doors to the West last week. For U.S. reporters who have been trying ever since the Suez invasion to find out who is running Syria, portly President Shukri el Kuwatly, 65, held genial open house. The reversal reflected Syrian concern over Western journalistic coverage, much of it highly exaggerated, of a Soviet take-over in Syria.

U.S. correspondents in Damascus watched some 3,000 Syrian volunteers parade with only new Czech-made Tommy guns, and had a look at artillery and tanks newly arrived from Soviet-bloc countries. The Syrian army chief firmly denied that Soviet-type planes had arrived recently in Syria. Syria, an economically sound if politically unhealthy nation, is getting arms cut-rate from Russia, and paying out of current funds. Unlike Nasser's Egypt, which has mortgaged perhaps half of its cotton crop to pay for Communist arms, Syria is in little danger of having its exports cornered by the Russians (Syria's trade with the Soviet bloc was only 1 1/2% of its total last year).

Buttering Up. Relaxed and good-humored in his brocade-hung palace reception room, President Kuwatly praised Eisenhower's intervention over Suez—though the Syrian press has steadily thanked Russia for bringing a Middle East cease-fire. Said Kuwatly to TIME Correspondent John Mecklin: "Syria was always friendly to the U.S. except during the bad times of Mr. Truman." Kuwatly recalled that just after World War I, Syrians had asked for U.S. in preference to French mandate rule, and he brought up a familiar subject: "All our trouble with you has been the fruit of the Jews."

What would Syria think of an Israeli settlement now? "If Chicago had been occupied by people from all over the world—Filipinos, Russians, Australians, all gathered together for religion—and they were holding the door open to unlimited immigration and you could see Chicago growing to a population of 10 million, what would you do? Exchange ambassadors and shake hands?"

Kuwatly scoffed at stories that the mysterious Colonel Abdel Hamid Serraj, 31, chief of army intelligence, is actually boss of the army and the government. "I've been a politician 45 years. I'm free, as President, to give orders to anyone I want. I'm prisoner of nobody. As for the colonels in our army, they do what they're told." But if beaver-busy Serraj does not run the country, his political seniors cannot run it without him, either. Said big-bald Prime Minister Sabri el Assali: "We are in complete agreement—President, government, people, army."

Assali also blamed the U.S. for the existence of Israel, and added: "There's an

Arab proverb: 'He who takes a donkey up the stairs of a minaret must then get it down again.'" The Premier said that the U.S. call for a cease-fire in Egypt had "instilled in my heart a hope for real peace. But when I heard of Bulganin's warning to the aggressors, I had conflicting feelings. On the one hand, I was glad, as an Arab nationalist, that this might end the atrocities in Egypt. On the other, I feared that this could lead to world war."

Simmering Down. Washington heard these friendly assurances from Syria with some skepticism. One report in Beirut attributed the new Syrian solicitude for the U.S. to private messages from Nasser to both Kuwatly and Jordan's King Hussein, asking them to lay off cozying up to the Russians, at least for the time being because it would irritate the U.S.—"which has been most helpful to the Arab cause." Whatever the motive, the Syrian camaraderie was one of several signs that the crisis in the Middle East may be simmering down. Iraq decided to pull back the troops it had sent into Jordan when Israel invaded Egypt (it needs them at home to keep Premier Nuri es-Said's pro-Western regime in power). Radio Moscow announced that the British, French and Israeli pledges to withdraw from Nasser's territory "naturally cancel the question of dispatching Soviet volunteers to Egypt."

The Middle East's hatreds and feuds remained. Demanding the "removing" of Israel from the region, Iraq's Fadhil Jammal, whose country quarrels bitterly with Egypt, told the U.N. Assembly last week: "When it comes to the Palestine question, all the Arab world is Egypt, and all Arab statesmen are Nassers."



Henry Kneass—UPI
COLONEL SERRAJ
 A beaver below.

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THE BALKANS

A Sort of Solidarity

At a banquet in the Peloponnesian city of Kalamata last week, King Paul of Greece casually broke the first rule of conduct for modern monarchs: he expressed a personal political opinion. Horrified by the slaughter in Hungary, the outspoken King called for a relentless fight against Communism, which he called "the enemy of all humanity."

Twenty-four hours later, arriving in Belgrade on a good-will visit, Greek Prime Minister Constantine Karamanlis warmly clasped the proletarian paw of Marshal Tito. The inconsistency was more apparent than real: Greece's alliance with Communist Yugoslavia is designed to protect them both from Russian attack. Reaffirming Greek-Yugoslavian solidarity Karamanlis admitted that the Balkan Pact which links Greece, Yugoslavia and Turkey is currently "sleeping"—and will continue to slumber until Turkey and Greece are able to settle their differences over Cyprus.

JAPAN

The Rising Sun Tribe

Fifteen years after Pearl Harbor, Japan's new younger generation is tall (a statistical two centimeters taller than their elders), tempestuous and troubled. Like the pale young Parisians maudering in existentialism when the tide of war ebbed from the Left Bank, like the Teddy Boys of postwar London posturing on street corners in their shabby pseudo-Edwardian finery like pathetic barnyard roustabouts, like the slack-jawed worshipers of Elvis Presley and their spiritual ancestors in the U.S., the hootch-swalling hellions of F. Scott Fitzgerald's 1920s, the truants of Japan have no place to run but away. Soon after the war, their restlessness was marked by a sharp spurt in juvenile delinquency. Today, after a brief respite, delinquency, violence and sex crimes among the young are once again on the rise in Japan, but beyond this criminal fringe is a whole generation of Japanese youngsters whose only wish is to kick over the traces.

The Cultist. "We are the villains infesting our time of confusion," wrote one young gentleman of Japan recently, "and the weapon we use is our youthfulness." As the most talked-about youngster in modern Japan, 24-year-old Shintaro Ishihara has every right to act as spokesman for his generation. Not yet a year out of college, he is already known as a composer, painter, a movie star whose haircut and clothes are ardently aped by teen-agers from Tokyo to Nagasaki, and the most sensationally successful author in the nation, with four best-selling novels to his credit. Beyond all this, Ishihara is the idol and godhead of a flamboyant and far-flung cult whose youthful excesses have caused Japan's oldsters to shake their heads in horror and despair. This is the cult of *Taiyozoku*, the "Sun Tribes," the flaming youth of modern Japan.

Red Hair & Crew Cuts. In Ishihara's first novel, *Taiyo-no-Kisetsu* (Season of the Sun), boys and girls with no other purpose in life than sheer enjoyment found described a way of life exactly to their taste. The cynical, lusty tale of the love life of two brothers and their single girl friend was promptly transcribed into a movie whose uninhibited fidelity to detail would have whitened a Hollywood censor's hair overnight. More books and more movies followed, each proclaiming in brutish simplicity the joys of pointless violence and casual lust. The first novel lent its name to the cult of its worshipers, and the worshipers returned the compliment by doing their best to imitate the book. Mostly the offspring of well-heeled parents, Ishihara's characters and Ishihara's fans alike spend their days and nights in unconscious parody of another lost generation, pouring endless drinks down gul-

low who lives quietly with a pretty kimono-clad young wife in the ancient tradition of his ancestors, the idol of the Sun Tribes tempers his cynicism with hard work: "As an author, I've got to sleep with my generation like a prostitute, but I've also got to climb out of bed occasionally and try to get one step ahead of it."

SOUTH AFRICA

Roundup

Like the vague charge of "vagrancy" in the hands of a determined U.S. cop, South Africa's Suppression of Communism Act provides Premier Johannes Strydom with a handy gimmick for arresting anybody he deems undesirable. The difference is that a hoodlum pulled in by a U.S. cop can usually get free in the morning.

One day last week using the Suppression of Communism Act as their excuse,



SUN TRIBES IN TOKYO
Pointless violence, copper gullets and casual lust.

lets apparently lined with copper, necking for hours in Tokyo "jazz coffee shops" thoughtfully equipped with high-partitioned booths, helling around Japan's cities and beach resorts in imported MGs or local-made Toyopets.

They belong to a generation whose future is unknowable: only 24% of this year's 140,000 college seniors have jobs in sight. The U.S. occupation taught the Sun Tribes to scorn the way of their ancestors but did not replace it with a direction they could respect. From the Americans they took only the easy externals. Their uniform is as standard as that of a *reisha*: the "Shintaro" crew cut and *aloha* sports-shirts for the men, with loose-flowing Byronic shirts, zoot coats and pointed suede shoes for city wear, t-reddor pants for the girls with hair cut like a mop and often dyed red; and over all, an attitude of abandonment and deep to-hell-with-it cynicism.

"Ishihara writes truly what we, the younger generation, are looking for," said a 21-year-old farm boy in Japan last week but for Ishihara himself the truth was not so simple. A conscientious professional

the special security police charged with imposing Strydom's will on his country swooped down on scores of homes throughout the cities of South Africa and arrested 140 people; clergymen, trade unionists, doctors, lawyers and private citizens. The one "crime" they had in common was bitter opposition to the *apartheid* racist policies of the Strydom regime.

The secretary of the Federation of South African Women was dragged away from the bedside of her sick child. A British-born Methodist minister was arrested in his rectory at 4 a.m. Professor Zachariah Matthews, onetime Henry W. Luce Professor of World Christianity at Manhattan's Union Theological Seminary, was another of those rounded up, packed into police vans and jailed in Johannesburg in the dark of the night.

What was the precise charge levied against them? "As far as I can see," said a judge denying bail, "it is one that involves many ramifications . . . It is not unreasonable to accept the probability that it is both difficult and inadvisable for the Attorney General to take the court more fully into his confidence."

PEOPLE

Names make news. Last week these names made this news:

Chicago Lawyer **Adlai E. Stevenson**, twice-landsided Democratic candidate for the White House, now serving on his party's national advisory committee, announced: "I will not run again for the presidency . . . But my interest in the Democratic Party . . . will continue undiminished."

A zany who enjoys pricking the conscience of all associated with TV or radio. Comic **Henry Morgan** began stabbing (on NBC's *Monitor*) at those innocent bystanders known as critics. Said Morgan: "A Broadway critic who reviews a TV play that was expanded for the stage always says, 'This offering was too slight to be expanded.' A TV critic discussing a Broadway play adapted to television always says, 'This offering was too big to be cut down for TV.'"

Tooting into Thailand to liven up the U.S. exhibit at an international fair. Band-leader **Benny Goodman** and his 14 musicians were soon summoned to Bangkok's royal palace for a command performance. For an hour, as **King Phumiphon**, 29, himself both a jazzy horn-blower and composer (*Blue Night*), and **Queen Sirkitt** tapped in tempo. Goodman and his men swung out such tunes as *On the Sunny Side of the Street* and a royalty-requested *Lazy River*. The King then gave each member of Goodman & Co. a crested silver cigarette case, was in turn presented with a handsome clarinet. That was enough to kick off a jam session lasting another hour, with Phumiphon, joined by some of his own royal band, switching between his brand-new clarinet and his



KING PHUMIPHON
Lozy rivers.

truster saxophone. After the last note had shaken the palace, Goodman allowed: "He's not had at all—not at all!"

When Britain's stringy-maned lion of letters, brash Author **Colin Wilson**, 25, published his 288-page tract, *The Outsider* (TIME, July 2)—a widely hailed diagnosis of civilization's sickness and a prescription of a new religion to cure it—few had ever heard of him. But Britons have been nearly deafened ever since by Wilson's roaring. Aping the brusque hyperboles of one of his few idols, George Bernard Shaw, Wilson has gone about insulting both hosts and lecture audiences, damning society for its regressive complacency, whimsically denigrating Shake-



OUTSIDER WILSON
Brusque hyperboles.

speare ("a great poet with the mentality of a female novelist"). Last week self-educated Outsider Wilson tried a new routine by viciously assailing himself. His confession: "I wrote *The Outsider* with completely false intent. . . It is just a fraud. I dashed it off in three months and hoped that it looked erudite—and I expect to spend the rest of my life living it down!" What did that make DeFrauder Wilson? "A poet, not a philosopher."

Lady Caccia, smartly tailored wife of Britain's new envoy to the U.S., met capital newshens over tea, crisply ticked off her first impressions of the U.S. Was she having tough sledding because of present tensions between Britain and the U.S.? Replied she: "I don't find between women any breach to be healed." On



LADY CACCIA
Crisp impressions.

Washington: "Much like Paris, not too different from Vienna." On Manhattan's lack of "dream department stores": "The shops there are so much more like European shops than I had expected. They are cozy and untidy, and even deal in antiques." Having heard that U.S. life was a mad merry-go-round, Lady Caccia was agreeably surprised: "I don't find it so."

United Mine Workers' aging (76) Boss **John L. Lewis** has generally decried, as the Devil's work, employers' injunctions to stop picketing. Picket Patriarch Lewis, however, had a familiar hot potato tossed into his own hands last week. At several Atlantic coast ports, in a jurisdictional row, pickets from A.F.L.-C.I.O. unions challenged access to some half-dozen Liberty ships owned by American Coal Shipping, Inc. A part owner of A.C.S.: United Mine Workers. At week's end the pickets in Charleston, S.C. were gone, shoosed away by court injunctions obtained while Employer Lewis sat by—unprotestingly, at the very least.

To a Washington audience that came to be enjoyably affronted by his lecture on "The Audience in Decadence," Composer **Gian Carlo Menotti** strummed a plain-spoken variation on one of his favorite themes. "It's not the taste of the modern audience which I think decadent," he declaimed, "but rather its character and individuality." The dogmatic tastes of today's audiences are rooted in their esthetic laziness. "I'd much rather sit at dinner next to one of those old ladies who tell you, 'Picasso is a fraud and Stravinsky a bore,' than beside one of those young things who rave about their Kleo

Disagreeably unsurprised, strong-nerved Soviet Foreign Minister **Dmitry Shcherbakov** groused in Moscow last week: "You need strong nerves to live in New York."

THE STORY BEHIND THE STORY



3 MILES

2 MILES

1 MILE

0 MILES

PROBING THROUGH THE NIGHT, new Sperry radar warns of approaching tanks. 35-lb. radar set is powered by a small, silenced motor-generator. Secret of unit's extreme lightness is absence of bulky viewing tube—radar echoes produce characteristic audible signals instead of "blips" on a screen.

ARMY HAS "SILENT SENTRY" RADAR FOR FRONT-LINE USE

DAYLIGHT VIEW of Sperry radar and forward observation team. Operator (r.) interprets audible radar echoes while second soldier tracks reported movements on plotting board. Unit supplies accurate elevation, azimuth and range data.



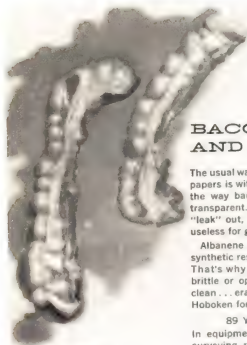
Newspaper readers across the country learned recently the good news that Army troops will soon be able to call on the world's smallest radar set to warn of surprise over-the-ground attack by an aggressor. The device greatly enhances the effectiveness of battle area surveillance.

Developed jointly with the Army Signal Corps, this new Sperry portable radar instantly reports any movement of men or vehicles within a 3-mile range—at night, in fog or smoke. So accurate is the set that it detects one soldier walking half a mile away, even tells whether a vehicle has wheels or tracks.

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paintings and their Bartok quartets... Today Brahms can no longer be tolerated, but Rossini is very chic."

Across the snow-swept plains of below-zero Alberta, a grain farmer drove 75 miles to Calgary to place an overseas telephone call to Budapest. At the expense of the Calgary *Herald*, Mike Kadar, 47, an immigrant from Hungary 28 years ago, sought to talk, brother to brother, to none other than **Janos Kadar**, No. 1 stooge of the Soviet puppet regime in Hungary. He had small hopes of shoring up younger brother Janos' spine, but other Hungarian-Canadians had besought Mike Kadar to try to intercede in behalf of their valiant relatives still writhing under Russian guns in Hungary (see FOREIGN



Harry Belafonte—Calgary Herald
FARMER KADAR

Little brother didn't answer.

News). After a futile 24-hour vigil near the telephone, Mike Kadar gave up and journeyed home to write a pleading letter to Janos. The harsh odds, however, were that Mike had already got his answer ten years ago. At that time Janos Kadar, then a rising star in Hungary's Little Bear constellation, had written to Mike, asking him to send no more parcels or letters. And, perhaps dimly perceiving the days of terror to come, Communist Kadar had also advised Farmer Kadar to stay in Canada because he and his family would be "much safer."

Britain's enterprising Duke of Bedford, 39, who opens his woody estate of Woburn Abbey to tourists each Sunday at 35¢ a head, wrote a letter to London's *Sunday Pictorial* suggesting that the World Congress of Nudists forego their 1958 around his go-room home and frolic on his 3,000 acres. He would not, he said, hike his sightsee fee by so much as a ha'penny. Proclaimed he: "Our policy is better entertainments and attractions for our visitors each year."

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I may *never* be a millionaire—but with this new Plymouth they brought out this year I figure I can drive like one!

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they claim for it—just "*floats*" you over the road. There's more power under the hood than I'll ever want to call on, unless I'm caught in a tight spot—235 galloping horses. And it handles like a sports car—no sway or roll on turns.

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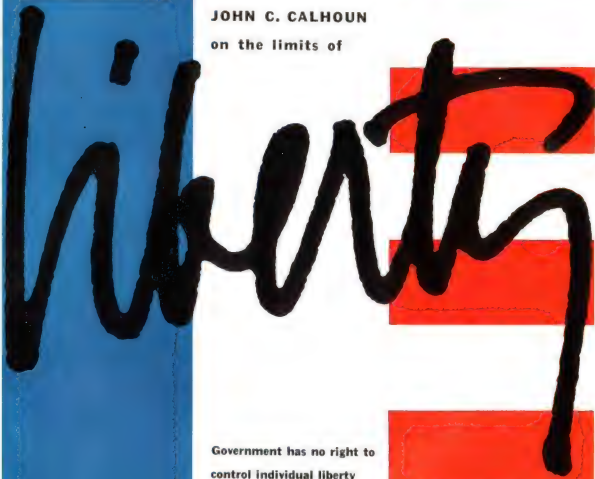
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Liberty

Government has no right to control individual liberty beyond what is necessary to the safety and well-being of society. Such is the boundary which separates the power of the government and the liberty of the citizen or subject in the political state.

(Speech in Senate, June 27, 1848)

ARTIST: WALTER ALLARD

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RELIGION

Buddha & the Reds

"I will take birth again," said the 13th Dalai Lama of Tibet. In 1933 he died, and the oracles and seers began their search for the new body of this living Buddha, an Incarnation of the Tibetan god Chen-re-zi. The first sign came while the body of the dead Dalai Lama still sat in state: its head, which had been turned traditionally toward the south, mysteriously turned east. To the seers this was an indication that the new Dalai Lama must be looked for in the east. In retrospect, they might give it a different meaning. For since then Tibet has been conquered from the east by Red China, which is currently carrying on a vigorous campaign to win Asia's 150 million Buddhists.

Ruler into Doll. In time, the new Dalai Lama was found. Tibet's recent made a pilgrimage to the prophetic waters of Lake Cho Khor Gye and saw reflected in its depths a three-story monastery with golden roofs, near which stood a small peasant house with carved gables. Expeditions of monks were duly sent forth and at last one of them came upon the gold-roofed monastery and gabled peasant house. Disguising themselves as servants, the monks entered through the kitchen, and a two-year-old boy ran toward one of them crying, "Sera Lama, Sera Lama!" At this the monks' hearts leaped, for their leader was indeed the Lama of the Sera Monastery. Other tests were made: the boy unerringly chose from a number of rosaries the one that had been used by the old Dalai Lama, and he selected the drum with which the ruler had summoned his servants.

The boy's name was Jetsun Jampel Nawang Lobsang Yeshe Tenzin Gyatso, and when he was only four years old, he became the 14th Dalai Lama. In 1950 the Chinese Communists began their invasion of Tibet, and the 15-year-old ruler fled Lhasa. Eventually the Communists persuaded him to return. Since then the young Dalai Lama and his junior, the Panchen Lama, Tibet's second most important Incarnation, have lived like highly prized dolls in the hands of Tibet's Communist masters, powerless, yet indispensable because of the religious fealty they command. Last week the Dalai Lama was being feted in India, having been allowed for the first time to travel outside his Red prison. Seldom had India given such a welcome to a foreigner.

Fear v. Love. Accompanied by his mother, two officials known as the Ministers of Tea and Butter, and the Panchen Lama, the young god-king proceeded across India, usually mounted on a pony—although once he rode an elephant together with Prime Minister Nehru. He was surrounded by a whirl of waving yellow prayer flags, burning incense and flower petals. Thousands of Buddhist pilgrims prostrated themselves before him, and when they could not reach his gown, they touched the hoofs of his pony. Dignified

and smiling, his crew cut and glasses making him look (as one American put it) like an exchange student at the University of Southern California, he received a bouquet of red roses from Nehru's daughter, Mrs. Indira Gandhi. All week long he kept up a stiff schedule of spiritual talks and mass blessings, interspersed occasionally with political conferences (apart from his divine attributes, the Dalai Lama is also chairman of Tibet's Preparatory Committee to Improve Administrative and Social Structure). At all times the Dalai Lama



DALAI LAMA & PANCHEN LAMA (REAR) IN INDIA
For a living god, a slow path.

was conspicuously attentive to Red China's Foreign Minister Chou En-lai, who was touring India at the same time.

The Dalai Lama's trip was obviously designed by the Reds to promote the notion that Communism and Buddhism stand side by side in their devotion to peace and non-violence. In India, so far, this line has been fairly successful. At a Buddhist Congress held last month in Nepal, Chinese and Russian speakers virtually enshrined Karl Marx as another reincarnation of the Lord Buddha. But Dr. Bhimrao R. Ambedkar, leader of India's untouchables, who died last week (see MILESTONES), made a notable reply. Said he: "Marx was thought by a large number of Asians, particularly students, to be the only modern prophet. They were quick to follow the rising star of Communism rather than the slow path of religion. . . . What would be Buddha's reaction to modern problems? . . . He spoke of salvation through the conquest of *Dukha* (poverty), really meaning the abolition of poverty. This happy state could be achieved by the personal conquest of evil. Here lies the difference between Communism and Buddhism. While one conquers with fear, the other conquers with love."

The Mindszenty Story

What happened to Cardinal Mindszenty during his eight years of Communist imprisonment is a story that will be long in the telling. The cardinal himself has said that he is not yet ready to reveal all the details—especially concerning his trial in 1949. But this week the *New York Herald Tribune* is publishing a six-part record of the cardinal's experiences, as told to one of his closest confidants, Father Josef Vecsey, 43, who grew up as a neighbor of Mindszenty's. As soon as the cardinal was liberated by the Hungarian revolution, Vecsey rushed to his side, had long

talks with him before being forced to flee the country.

"*Coactus Feci*," Mindszenty had been expecting his arrest. It came on the day after Christmas, in 1948, when 16 political policemen armed with automatic rifles took him to their notorious Andrássy Street headquarters, stripped him of his breviary, rosary and religious habit. "For 16 days and nights they hammered at me, squeezed me with questions. My interrogators worked in shifts. . . . They tortured both my soul and my body."

One day they put before him a type-written confession and commanded him to sign. "I did what they asked, and I remember clearly that I put the two letters, C.F. after my name. My torturers were surprised at this, and asked me what the letters C.F. meant. Despite my dazed state, the defense mechanism of the human body worked, and even smiling at them I answered: 'It means a cardinal without office.' " It took his captors some time to find out that C.F. stood for the Latin *coactus feci* ("I have been forced to act").

—symbol used by many Christians to sign extorted confessions during the years of Turkish rule in Hungary (1547-1699).

By September 1949, after his trial



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Mindszenty was suffering acutely from "my old disease, my thyroid disturbance." Transferred to Budapest's Conti Prison, he was held in solitary confinement for four years, the cells on each side of him empty to prevent wall-tapping communication. His cell was "small and crumbling. There was a straw mat to sleep on, a table, a stool, a small bucket for one's needs and another for water." While in solitary, "I received no mail, read no newspapers and no books except my breviary and my Bible . . . Each day I said my rosary six times. Much of the time I prayed for strength . . . Once I was beaten."

"Ready to Die." Transferred again because of his failing health, Mindszenty was now treated somewhat better, occasionally was allowed a bottle of wine. But his condition grew worse. "I was ready to die . . . but I decided again that I would pull all my strength together because I did not want to please them by dying." His prison physician ("A religious man, a good Protestant who did his best") diagnosed TB, insisted on "good air and sun."

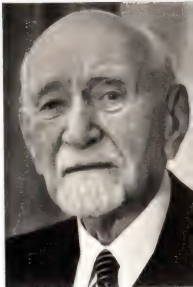
On July 16, 1955, the day before the start of the Geneva Conference, Mindszenty was driven to Castle Puspokszentlászlo in southern Hungary, summer residence of the bishop of Pecs. "There was a wide lawn lined with flowers, and beyond that a wood of spruce trees. After so many years in darkness, the sight [was] medicine to me."

Four months later he was well enough to be moved to Felsopeteny Castle in the north, where the soldiers of Hungary's short-lived revolution found and liberated him (TIME, Nov. 12). When he finally reached his old house in Budapest's Uri Street ("many windows were broken"), his housekeeper celebrated his return with a chicken lunch, and afterwards his old valet brought him a cigar. The cardinal accepted it gratefully, then carefully cut it in half to share it with the old man. "A whole cigar is too much," he explained. "It might be too heavy for me."

On Nov. 4, when the Russians had already begun to attack Budapest, Premier Nagy advised Mindszenty to take refuge in the U.S. embassy. Rolling up his cassock under his overcoat so that he would not be recognized, Mindszenty made his way there, past Russian soldiers. Says Mindszenty in retrospect: "I have no enemies, and want only to live in peace with the world. I do not hate Russians. We want only to get rid of Communism because it is wrong and denies God."

Century's View

When in 1883 the Rev. Dr. Arthur Judson Brown, 27, left Chicago's McCormack Theological Seminary for his first pastorate in Ripon, Wis., Czar Alexander II of Russia and President James A. Garfield had recently been assassinated, and Karl Marx was only four months buried in London's Highgate Cemetery. Later, after Dr. Brown became secretary of the Presbyterian Board of Foreign Missions in 1895 and began wandering the Far East, he found a Manchu-ruled, painfully awakening China hovering on the verge of the Boxer Rebellion and a frenziedly Western-



Martho Holmes

CENTENARIAN BROWN

The young have changed—thank God

izing Japan building toward the Russo-Japanese War. Last week in Manhattan Dr. Brown, 100, rose firmly to his feet: the centennial banquet given him by the Board of Foreign Missions and the Church Peace Union, and talked about how the world had changed since he was young.

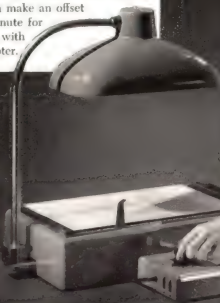
All things considered, said Dr. Brown, it had become a great deal better. Young people were improving: "I do not sympathize with the common lament that the young people of today are not what the once were. Thank God they are not." The churches, he added, have defects aplenty but they, too, are better than their counterparts in the last century, and the membership has increased faster than the population. What about the prospects of world peace? Said Dr. Brown: "A century ago war was an accepted method of settling international disputes. Wars have ravaged the world in this century, but there is a stronger moral protest against them . . . If the conditions of the last century had existed in this generation, a third world war would have begun before this." As for Asia, it has heard plenty of the man buried in Highgate, and the Christian witness carried east by Dr. Brown and fellow missionaries is in danger of being swamped by nationalism. "All over Asia and Africa, the people are responding to the slogan, 'The white man must go out.' But this is no new crisis; it is 'part of a great world movement in progress for centuries.'"

In a personal aside, Dr. Brown admitted he stayed young by eating plenty of New England boiled dinner, dismissed the experts who warned that such heavy fare would finish him: "Well, here I am and the dietitians are all dead." That is also his attitude about the prophets who say that Christian missions are finished in Asia. "A hundred years from now, he seems to feel, missionaries will still be there—and the gloomy prophets will be dead."

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MEDICINE

Unnecessary Epidemic

There is scant excuse for any child anywhere in the U.S. to contract diphtheria, let alone to die of it. Conquest of this disease is one of 20th century medicine's most clear-cut triumphs: it can be prevented by inoculation with diphtheria toxoid in the first few months of life, repeated when the child is about ten. Yet in Detroit last week, 72 diphtheria victims were confined in the city's Herman Kiefer Hospital; so far in 1956, Detroit has had 136 cases with five deaths, most of them in the last two months.

Detroit has one of the nation's most intensive programs for immunization against diphtheria, run by Health Commissioner Joseph G. Molner. On every notification of birth registration there is

fore the holidays begin Dec. 21, Detroit health authorities refused to speak of an epidemic, insisted on calling it merely an "outbreak." Whatever their term, the fact is that it could have been avoided.

Hypnosis for Surgery

The draped woman patient on the operating table at St. Vincent's Hospital in Manhattan's Greenwich Village was almost ready for surgery. Her left breast was bared for the surgeon's knife to remove a benign growth. But the patient had been given no anesthesia, was fully conscious. Beside the surgeon stood Chicago's Dr. William S. Kroger, taking the place of the anesthesiologist. His substitute for anesthesia: hypnosis.

Much of Dr. Kroger's work was already done. The night before, he had hypnotized

stratation was viewed last week on closed-circuit TV by physicians at an international meeting of anesthesiologists in Manhattan. Only the week before, he had performed a similar surgery for a patient in Chicago. Mrs. Roberta Westwood, with an enlarged and overactive thyroid. After four weeks of preparation and a day-before dress rehearsal, Dr. Kroger carried out his hypnoanesthesia at Edgewater Hospital, and most of the patient's thyroid was cut out in an hour-long operation. Mrs. Westwood awakened as directed, sat up on the operating table, asked for a drink of water and walked to the wheelchair to go back to her room. Said she: "I felt no pain. I could only feel pressure and what seemed like tugging at my throat."

A.A.'s Auxiliary

For 25 years Ann Smith's husband Ed gradually increased his liquor intake until he was drinking up to two fifths a day. "He was one of those alcoholics," says Ann, "who had to go to the end of the line." As Ed settled into the role of alcoholic, Ann played the alcoholic's wife: "I hated myself in pity. I nagged. I turned the children against him. I was extremely self-righteous. I was convinced that Ed was doing this to me deliberately." Fired from his job, Ed threw a monumental drunk one Christmas season, came to in January and called Alcoholics Anonymous. Paradoxically, that was when Ann's troubles really began. Where she had formerly lost her husband to the neighborhood bar, she now lost him to A.A.

As Ed progressed through A.A.'s twelve self-improvement steps (sample: "[We] admitted to God, to ourselves, and to another human being the exact nature of our wrongs") and became an enthusiastic convert, Ann found her life was losing what meaning it had held before. Playing nursemaid to a drunk had been a full-time responsibility, the focus of her existence, but Ed's new purpose all but left her out in the cold. Where once Ed had been out drinking with his cronies, now he was sitting up nights with new cronies, helping to keep them from drinking. "I was suddenly jealous of Ed," she says. "He had a cause, and he was burning with it." Soon she found herself guiltily yearning for the bad old pre-A.A. days. Then Ann was saved by joining Al-Anon, a kind of ladies' auxiliary to A.A.

"**Calm as a Cow.**" Al-Anon has nearly 1,000 national chapters and 12,000 members. It exists because of one hard fact: the average alcoholic, apart from what he does to himself, cuts a devastating swath through his surroundings. The nation's 4,000,000 alcoholics have in one way or another impaired the lives of an estimated 20 million nonalcoholics, most of them relatives. Al-Anon bars active alcoholics, but is open to almost anybody who might have suffered from them—wives or husbands of reformed, unreformed, or backsliding alcoholics; remote relatives and friends of alcoholics; people whose lives were indirectly upset by alcoholism, and who want the comforts of group therapy.

Whereas A.A. membership is roughly



DIPHTHERIA INOCULATIONS IN DETROIT SCHOOL
Danqer: a false sense of security.

an invitation to the parents to have the child inoculated. There is a follow-up letter a year later, and a recheck when the child enters grammar school. But many parents fail to act because they have been lulled into a false sense of security by today's relative rarity of diphtheria. For them, the disease has lost its traditional terror. And Detroit's problem is complicated by huge population shifts.

In 18 Detroit grade schools last week, doctor-nurse teams set up shop behind desks in classrooms and readied their needles. At the Clarence M. Burton School, kindergartners wound in a tearful line to the shot-room door, each moppet clutching his school record and a yellow permission slip signed by a parent. Two doctors worked at assembly-line pace—one shot every 20 seconds. At four health centers, preschool infants were getting shots, and adults could have them for the asking. Dr. Molner's goal: 80,000 shots (80% of the children in the worst disease area) be-

fore the holidays begin Dec. 21, Detroit health authorities refused to speak of an epidemic, insisted on calling it merely an "outbreak." Whatever their term, the fact is that it could have been avoided.

the patient in her own room. Now, with only a cue, he was able to assure her that she would feel no pain. To make doubly sure, he gave her instructions to make her lose all sensation in her right hand. Then he told her to put this hand to her chest so that this area too would lose sensation. Satisfied that she was in a deep enough hypnotic state, Dr. Kroger told the surgeon: "Your patient is ready." For ten minutes, as the surgeon removed the growth and sewed up the wound, Dr. Kroger kept on intoning reassurance to the patient and inducing her to lapse into a deeper hypnotic state. When the operation was over, he alerted her out of it by a pre-arranged signal—a touch on the shoulder. She had no memory of pain, felt no nausea or other discomfort.

To Medical Hypnotist Kroger, this was no stunt but a serious demonstration of the wider use which, he insists, medicine should make of hypnotism, at least in conjunction with anesthesia. This demon-

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2. whiskey

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54 PROOF



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BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY

55 PROOF

6-to-1 male. Al-Anon finds its membership running roughly 10-to-1 female. Better than half the members join Al-Anon at an earlier stage than Ann Smith did, i.e., while they still have active alcoholic mates on their hands. One such recruit was Grace T., a schoolteacher brought in by Ann. "I've never seen anyone so close to flying apart," says Ann. "She'd had to quit teaching school; she was doing her children more harm than good. Well, now Grace has been going to my group for two years. Her husband is still drinking, harder than ever, and nobody knows it better than Grace. But I've never seen such a change in a person. She's as calm as a cow. She's told her three kids that their daddy is a sick man and not responsible for what he does, and that you love people no matter what they do—and she's sold them on it. And she's sold herself. She runs her household, she's teaching again, and she's patient. Some day, she is sure, her husband will join A.A."

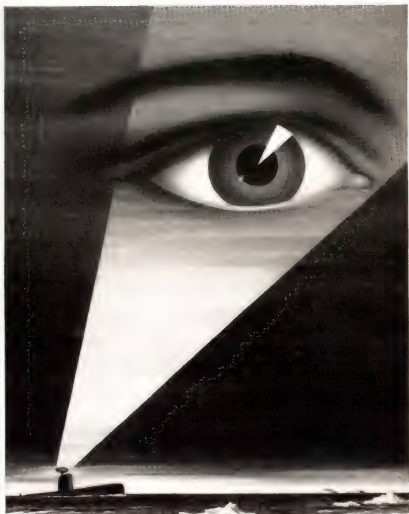
"He'll Come Around." Al-Anon expects members to rush out at any hour of the day or night to bolster wavering members or shepherd its new ones. Al-Anon weekly meetings are apt to be subdued, casual affairs largely devoted to testimony about a family's condition before and after A.A. and Al-Anon.

Although Al-Anon's influence occasionally leads an alcoholic into A.A., this is incidental to its purpose. Many members deliberately conceal from their alcoholic mates that they belong to Al-Anon. They do so in the belief that their problem is unique and should not be confused with the alcoholic problem. "You've got to take your eye off the alcoholic's problem and put it on yourself," says one group chairman. "Don't pour his bottle down the sink. Let him drink. One day he'll come around. But in the meantime you can be helping yourself and others."

Capsules

¶ The trouble with the iron lung and its portable little brother, the chest respirator, is that they make the patient breathe in a fixed rhythm and give him just the same amount of air each time. Now researchers at Nashville's Vanderbilt University report an electronic device which can be hooked up to either type of respirator and lets the patient breathe more naturally—when his own nervous system dictates, and as deeply. It works by electrodes taped to the chest: they pick up electrical nerve impulses intended for the paralyzed breathing muscles, divert them to an electrical amplifier which controls the machine.

¶ After cortisone came hydrocortisone and prednisone, each better than its predecessor, but researchers still dug frantically for a hormone which would suppress inflammation (especially in arthritis and rheumatism) without undesirable side effects. A team from Manhattan's Sloan-Kettering Institute and the Hospital for Special Surgery reports one which shows great promise in the first patients treated. Named triamcinolone, made by Lederle Laboratories, it is so far available only in minute quantities for testing.



How new sight for subs helps guard our shores

If enemy planes should ever strike at this continent, it is vital to have as much advance warning as possible.

To build flexible coverage, specially designed U. S. Navy "picket" submarines, like *Salmon* and *Sailfish*, will roam the oceans. Their revolving radar antennas thrust powerful bursts of electronic energy into the atmosphere to seek out airborne intruders.

As it was for the land-based Arctic DEW line, Raytheon was selected to develop radar for these seagoing patrols. Here is another example of how Raytheon's "Excellence in Electronics" is contributing to the health, enjoyment, security and productivity of the American people.



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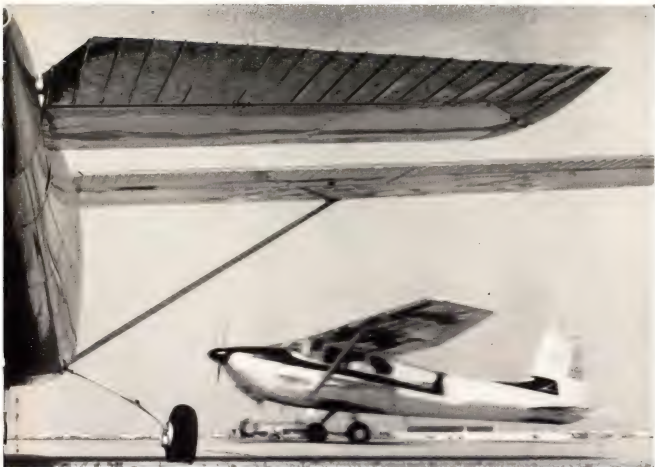
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EDUCATION

Freedom & Turkey

In its desperate efforts to cover up its own mismanagement, the government of Turkey has curbed freedom of speech and press, has tried to suppress all channels of criticism. Last week it turned its guns on the nation's universities. Its immediate target: Turhan Feyzioglu, the brilliant young (34) dean of the faculty of political science at the University of Ankara.

Dean Feyzioglu's troubles began when he gently rebuked the government last month for blocking the promotion of a colleague who had founded a magazine critical of Turkey's economic plight. To Feyzioglu, the government's action against the professor was a serious blow "to the principle of university autonomy." In almost any other country such a remark might have gone unnoticed. But it was too much for Premier Adnan Menderes.

On Menderes's orders, Education Minister Ahmet Ozel shot off a letter to Ankara's academic senate demanding that Feyzioglu be dismissed for indulging in politics. The senate investigated the case, cleared Feyzioglu and refused to drop him. The decision did not stop Ozel: he fired Feyzioglu anyway.

Though four Ankara professors resigned in protest and students walked out on a one-day strike, the government remained adamant. Police rounded up 300 students for questioning; also began badgering students and professors at Istanbul University. Finally, last week the government announced that it would push through laws virtually abolishing the powers of the university senates and thus bring the universities under complete government control. The case of Dean Feyzioglu had proved to be something of a milestone: it marked the government's determination to end academic freedom in Turkey.

One of the Ablest

To any stranger seeing him for the first time striding along the campus of Princeton University or lunching with the boys at the Quadrangle Club, Robert Francis Goheen (rhymes with so keen) would hardly seem to be more than a typical Ivy-League graduate student. He has the uniform crew cut, usually wears the standard tweed jacket. But at 37, Assistant Professor Goheen is a first-rate classicist who has won the devotion of his students and the respect of his elders. Last week, after more than a year's search for a successor to retiring President Harold W. Dodds, the trustees of Princeton decided that Goheen was just their man.

The son of a Presbyterian doctor-missionary, Goheen grew up in India, got his first taste of U.S. education when he entered Lawrenceville as a junior in 1934. Two years later, dropping him off at Princeton, his parents told his freshman adviser: "We've got to return to India. Please look after this boy." Little care was needed. Goheen made both the varsity soccer team and Phi Beta Kappa.

After a year of graduate study, he carried the habit of success into the Army, rose to the rank of lieutenant colonel in the 1st Cavalry Division in the Pacific.

At war's end, he was doubtful about returning to the academic life. But his fatherly former freshman adviser, Chairman Whitney Oates of the classics department, had no intention of letting Goheen out of Princeton's sight. He saw to it that his former student received one of the first four Woodrow Wilson Fellowships designed to attract young talent into teaching. In 1948, Goheen got his



John Longard-Liff
PRINCETON'S GOHEEN
From obscurity, a plum.

Ph.D., settled back into the pleasant routine of faculty life.

In class, waving an inevitable cigarette about, he packed his lectures with so much information that writers' cramp became universal among his students. In 1951 he published his *Imagery of Sophocles' Antigone*, which, in bringing the techniques of 20th century literary criticism to classical scholarship, is considered by his colleagues to be something of a scholarly "roadbreaker." But beyond his teaching and research, Goheen retained his one-of-the-boys quality—the amiable father of six children, the Sunday afternoon coach of a small boys' football team, the dufferish but genial companion on the golf links.

Last week, in view of the many big names (e.g., Adlai Stevenson) that rumor had handed about as possible successors to Dodds, Goheen was as startled as anyone over "this elevation to sudden eminence." But like Harvard and Yale before it, Princeton had dipped into obscurity and pulled out a plum. "He is," says Classicist Oates of Goheen, "one of the ablest men in the whole damn teaching profession."

The Delinquent Teachers

From boys and girls all over the U.S. the scrawled letters poured in, some peremptory, some urgent—all rather vague, "Dear Pittsburgh Chamber of Commerce," wrote one boy from Reno. "We are reading about coal. Could you send some pamphlets and a piece of coal." A pupil in El Dorado, Ark. asked for "pictures and postcards." He did not say what sort of pictures or of what, but he did provide one pertinent bit of information: "I am in Mrs. Jackson's room." Said a brief note from Southwick, Mass.: "Will you send me all the information about your state."

"Information." To the Pittsburgh Chamber of Commerce such requests are all in a day's work. But each year more and more of them have come in, until the chamber must now handle more than 1,000 a month. Indeed, this sort of letter writing has become something of a national habit—and it is causing many a business and Government executive to wonder just what U.S. teachers are up to.

In Boston Governor Herter's office averages up to ten letters a day from young information seekers. The pupils ask for samples of all Massachusetts minerals, lists of state judges and the names of all state wild flowers. The Boston Chamber of Commerce has received postcards with only the word "Information" on them. The young writers want samples of soil and biographies of the Founding Fathers. The Chicago Association of Commerce and Industry gets 5,000 letters a month. The Douglas Aircraft Co. in Los Angeles has received as many as 686 in a week.

"I Will Flop." Both chambers of commerce and corporations try conscientiously to answer the letters they get. Up to a point, they welcome and even encourage the letter-writing habit on the theory that today's pupils will be tomorrow's customers and tourists. But the whole thing is getting out of hand. Says William H. P. Smith of the Boston chamber: "We're just swamped with this mail from kids. Most of the information they ask for they could find in any *World Almanac*, sometimes even in a phone book." "Some of our teachers," says Executive Director Sherman Voorhes of the Pittsburgh chamber, "are delinquent." Instead of learning how to use the encyclopedia, "children are being taught the easy way out." Adds a Pittsburgh businessman: "If teachers insist that their students bother companies for information, why don't they have the courtesy to see that they do it right? If they'd tell the children how to write proper letters, we'd be happy."

For all the complaints, there seems to be no quick cure for the habit. By now too many children have apparently come to believe that Government and industry have a sort of duty to get them through school. As one California fifth-grader wrote: "Will you Please send me some pictures of Pennsylvania Because I am study Pennsylvania In school. I need pictures of Penn. very bad. So please send me some pictures. If I don't get some pictures I will flop in school."



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TELEVISION & RADIO

Face the Lottery

In their hot pursuit of headline-makers, TV's three major news-panel shows have grown so competitive that they are forcing statesmen to new stratagems of diplomacy. When Moderator Oliver Presbrey of ABC's *Press Conference* began thanking Britain's Opposition Leader Hugh Gaitskell for having "chosen" to appear in a filmed edition of the show, Gaitskell broke in to ask that he change that to "accepted" the invitation. This phrasing would square him with a future host, CBS's *Face the Nation*, explained Hugh Gaitskell, who added discreetly that he already had promised NBC's *Meet the Press* first crack at him whenever he becomes Britain's Prime Minister. Last week former Supreme Allied Commander Alfred

Gruenther, long impregnable to a bombardment of invitations by the three programs, maneuvered a skillful surrender. At his request and in full view of Washington newsmen, a Pentagon pressagent solemnly dropped three slips of paper into a hat, each marked with the name of a different show. Then, eyes averted, he fished out the winner: *Face the Nation*, which triumphantly booked him for this Sunday's show (1:30 p.m.).

Pied Piper's Problems

"Congratulations," said a well-wisher last week to NBC's newly appointed vice president for television programming. "You mean condolences," replied Emanuel ("Manie") Sacks, a short, dark man of 52 with a talent for finding talent. Sacks was only half kidding. With the

possible exception of watching the screen all day long, no task in TV is tougher than figuring out how to keep it filled. One of the big challenges facing Sacks and his fellow programmers on the other networks: the current season has turned into a big Unspectacular, and so far there is little in the way of new shows or fresh ideas to replace the many failures.

Last week the planners felt the big wallop of another challenge: through local stations in major viewing areas, a broadcast of some 2,500 recently available pre-1949 Hollywood movies began hitting the TV screen as if it were a bull's-eye. In a blaze of ballyhoo, Manhattan's WCBS began unwrapping its \$20 million package of 735 M-G-M films at the rate of two a day. With Clark Gable in *Command Decision*, the station scored a whopping Trendex rating of 28.4 on Saturday night after 10:30 p.m., then found that even on a Monday enough viewers stayed up past



KIRK JORDAN

HOLIDAY CHEER

Lucy and Desi will light up the tree for young Ricky's Christmas. George and Gracie will spend Christmas in jail, and the rest of TV's regulars will deck their cars with holly for the holidays. There will also be a spate of special programs, promising, in all, a two-week cascade of goodies and nostalgia-goddes. Some of the most promising promises:

ABC's *Omnibus* (Dec. 16, 9 p.m., E.S.T.) will stage a play by William Saroyan, *The Christmas Tie*, with Helen Hayes as a refined shoplifter.

Disneyland (Dec. 10, 7:30 p.m., ABC) takes Donald Duck into Latin America and TV viewers to the traditional Mexican children's celebrations, the *posadas*.

Gracie Fields, 58, returns for a live repeat of last year's popular success, James M. Barrie's *The Old Lady Shows Her Medals*, adapted by Robert Anderson for the *U.S. Steel Hour* (Dec. 10, 10 p.m., CBS).

Playhouse 90, U.S. TV's biggest drama mill (Dec. 30, 9:30 p.m., CBS), offers free-lancing Nanette Fabray and Lew Ayres in *The Family Nobody Wanted*, the true story of a preacher who adopted twelve orphans, each from a different country.

Lux Video Theater's Hollywood Holiday Musical Revue (Dec. 20, 10 p.m., NBC) will reclaim hit tunes from top movies over the past 25 years, with Shirley Jones, Gordon MacRae and Phil Harris, all in color.

Perry Como, in two holiday colorcasts (Dec. 22 and 29, 8 p.m., NBC), will engage, among others, Bishop Fulton Sheen, Rosemary Clooney, Teresa Brewer, Red Buttons, Louis ("Satchmo") Armstrong.

Holiday on Ice (Dec. 22, 9 p.m., NBC) will gladden for 90 minutes, featuring 44-year-old Sonja Henie as the Sugarplum Fairy in the *Nutcracker Suite*, and Olympic Figure-Skating Champion Hayes Alen Jenkins.

The Stingiest Man in Town (Dec. 23, 9 p.m., NBC) will be *Alcoa Hour's* first



HELEN HAYES



BASIL RATHBONE

90-minute musicolorcast, Basil Rathbone as a syncopated Scrooge, plus Singers Vic Damone, Patrice Munsel, Marty Green, Robert Weede and other un-Dickensian characters.

Robert Montgomery Presents (Dec. 24, 9:30 p.m., NBC) departs from its straight drama format to present the prize plum of the Christmas pudding—Gian Carlo Menotti's stirring *Amahl and the Night Visitors* (in color). The tele-opera gets for its seventh TV performance a new *Amahl*, ten-year-old Kirk Jordan.

Studio One offers Paul Crabtree's *A Christmas Surprise* (Dec. 24, 10 p.m., CBS), with Robert Q. Lewis and Orson Bean in a comedy about a TV show's disruptive visit to a family on Christmas Eve.

Church services will come on screen via ABC, which schedules a Christmas Eve service (11 p.m.) from Manhattan's Cathedral of St. John the Divine and Midnight Mass at Washington, D.C.'s Church of the Sacred Heart, and NBC, which plans to telecast Midnight Mass from Manhattan's St. Patrick's Cathedral and a Christmas Day (11 a.m.) service inside the Washington (D.C.) Cathedral.

The Bob Hope Chevy Show (Dec. 28, 9 p.m., NBC), on film, will show Hope, Ginger Rogers, Mickey Mantle, Peggy King, Jerry Colonna and the Purdue Glee Club entertaining U.S. troops in Alaska.

At Year's End (Dec. 30, 3 p.m.) will be CBS's sign-off to 1956. In a three-hour stretch, commentators will sum up the scene, social and political stories of the year.

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midnight to give an impressive 21.1 to Ronald Colman and Greer Garson in *Random Harvest*. In Chicago WBBK leaped from fourth to first place by launching 740 RKO movies with a showing of Rosalind Russell in *The Velvet Touch*, and two other stations rushed in fresh Hollywood features of their own. Philadelphia's WFIL led its field late at night by dipping into a vault newly stocked by RKO, M-G-M and 20th Century-Fox.

Lana at Peak Hours. Viewers had little cause for complaint, except where too many commercials studded the movies to pay off their huge costs. Some network executives professed to be unworried; they said that affiliates are showing the big movies on their own time, not during the choice hours pledged to networks. But NBC, staunch champion of "live" television (in part because of its deep involvement in color TV) is frankly fretting.

In Boston and Providence NBC affiliates have dropped the costly live network show, *Your Hit Parade*, so they can start their own movie features half an hour earlier that night. NBC's nightly *Tonight*, with Steve Allen, has been so badly mauled by competing movies that the network is revamping the show—though, gamely, still on a live basis. What NBC dreads is that it may one day be helpless to accommodate an advertiser on its full national network because too many of its 150-odd "optional" affiliates will be engrossed by Robert Taylor making love to Lana Turner at peak hours.

NBC's answer to the movie threat would also meet the threat from CBS, which last week captured all top ten Nielsen ratings for November and all but one of the top ten rated by Trendex. The answer: more and better live shows.

"A No-Talent Guy." Though he is the key man charged with producing the answer, Manie (pronounced Manny) Sacks has never created any entertainment in his life, once told an interviewer: "I am strictly a no-talent guy myself." But he probably can commandeer more live talent than anybody in broadcasting. Born and educated in Philadelphia, Manie, who looks like a rough draft of Frank Sinatra, learned show business as an actors' agent (show biz lingo: "flesh peddler") for the Music Corp. of America, then took over bookings for Columbia Records. In that job, he successfully persuaded Dinah Shore, Sinatra, Benny Goodman, Harry James, Xavier Cugat to switch their recording allegiance to Columbia from RCA Victor. In 1950, Manie himself switched to RCA Victor, and brought in his wake a batch of loyal recording stars.

What makes Manie a Pied Piper of stars? He says: "My relations with artists are close. I'm a bachelor. Supper isn't on the table at 6 o'clock. I come and go as I please. So I can devote my time to them and I'm blessed with their confidence." He was best man when Harry James married Betty Grable, gave the bride away when Sinatra married Ava Gardner. In a world of sharkskin-suited man-eaters, he has risen to the top by sheer amiability, consideration and eagerness to please. Once



Writer: Doran

TALENT HUNTER SACKS Safe among the man-eaters.

when he was flying to Hollywood with Milton Berle, the comedian exclaimed unhappily that he had forgotten to buy life insurance for the flight. "Have half of mine," said Manie graciously, and endorsed his policy accordingly.

Long an NBC vice president without portfolio, Sacks comes to his new job with frank qualms: "I didn't know I was competent for it." But he plans to do what he does best: woo plenty of new talent (including idea men), and sign up the most promising to long-term contracts. He believes that TV was not meant to be a mere exhibitor of old movies. Says Programmer Sacks: "Our job is creating. If you don't create, you might as well close shop."

Program Preview

For the week starting Thursday, Dec. 13. Times are E.S.T., subject to change.

TELEVISION

Shower of Stars (Thurs. 8:30 p.m., CBS). Musical version of *A Christmas Carol*, with Fredric March (color).

Playhouse 90 (Thurs. 9:30 p.m., CBS). *Sincerely, Willis Wayne*.

Perry Como Show (Sat. 8 p.m., NBC). Guests: Gina Lollobrigida, Groucho Marx.

The Boing-Boing Show (Sun. 5:30 p.m., CBS). New cartoon series.

Air Power (Sun. 6:30 p.m., CBS). *Counterblast*, the story of England's blitz, narrated by Walter Cronkite.

Hallmark Hall of Fame (Sun. 7:30 p.m., NBC). *The Little Foxes* (color).

The Chevy Chase Show (Sun. 9 p.m., NBC). With Dinah Shore.

Special Program (Tues. 11:15 p.m., CBS, NBC). Speaker: Jawaharlal Nehru.

RADIO

Metropolitan Opera (Sat. 2 p.m., ABC). *Madame Butterfly*, with Albanese.

New York Philharmonic (Sun. 2:30 p.m., CBS). With Leonard Bernstein.

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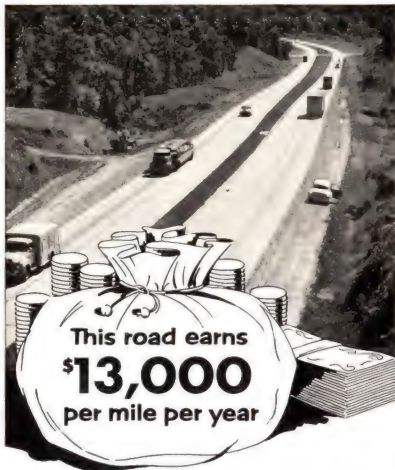
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TIME, DECEMBER 17, 1956



"It'll last a lifetime— thanks to Alloys"



A road earning money? Absolutely—in the form of gas taxes and license fees you pay to drive on it. The more vehicle miles of traffic a road handles the more money it earns.

This concrete road is U.S. 66 near Waynesville, Mo. The section shown carries a daily average of 6,450 vehicles.

The number of vehicles traveling this road per day	6,450
Times the average vehicle tax per mile in Mo.	\$.00568
Equals this road's earnings per day per mile	\$ 36.64
Times the number of days in a year	365
Equals the annual earnings of this road per mile	\$13,374
Minus the annual cost to build and maintain such a road during its expected lifetime	\$10,000
Equals the annual net profit this road earns per mile	\$ 3,374

Concrete roads are the biggest money-makers because they attract the most traffic and have the longest life and lowest annual cost. Other pavements often fail to earn their building and maintenance cost. This drain on available funds leaves less and less for new highway construction.

To motorists, who pay for highways, this is an important reason why all main roads should be paved with concrete.

PORTLAND CEMENT ASSOCIATION, 33 W. Grand Ave., Chicago 10, Ill.

A national organization to improve and extend the uses of portland cement and concrete through scientific research and engineering field work

THE THEATER

New Musical in Manhattan

Happy Hunting (book by Howard Lindsay and Russel Crouse; music by Harold Old Karr; lyrics by Matt Dubey) opened to a \$1,000,000 advance sale and took in a few pennies more. For it boasts Ethel Merman, who is known to be fun no matter what she appears in. *Happy Hunting* proves it: as musicomedie, it is more than just out of the top drawer; it is from a discontinued line of furniture. Even what is most up to date about the



ETHEL MERMAN

A way with peanuts or pearls.

show—its background of the Grace Kelly wedding—is satirically, by now, down to peanuts.

But Musicomedienne Merman goes a little further in much the same way, whether she is peddling peanuts or pearls. She plays a rich, uninhibited Philadelphia widow who, unwelcome in society and uninvited to the Monaco nuptials, vengefully bags a bigger game from the royal preserve. Where she can. Ethel outflanks her material: where she cannot, she outstares it. Just watching her handle a third-rate song can compensate for its third-rateness. Whatever her stage environment—riding an ocean liner or bucking the Main Line singing of a dead husband or chatting with a live horse—she has the urgency of a steam calliope, the assurance of an empress, and a likable low-downness all her own. The Ethel Merman who began a little more than wonderfully lusty vocal cords has expanded and grown into an expertly manipulated stage personality and in a show business that so often turns



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the funny into the vulgar, she consistently converts vulgarity into fun.

Hers is a real triumph in *Happy Hunting*, but—as Merman triumphs are measured—a minor one, what with a book that has at best a routine brightness, and a score that sometimes lacks lilt even where it seems reminiscent. There is just one really good song, *Mutual Admiration Society*, and one lively ditty, *Every One Who's Who's Who*. The dancing, except for a tango number, suggests the hotcha of a generation ago. The romantic lead, Cinemactor Fernando Lamas, has a voice and good looks; the Jo Mielziner sets have lightness and good looks; but the show, all too often, leaves Ethel a forsaken Merman.

New Play in Manhattan

Night of the Auk (by Arch Oboler) took place on a rocket ship returning to the earth from man's first landing on the moon (time: "The day after some tomor-

row"). The mood of the return voyage is far from jubilant, what with a leathed egomaniac in command, a succession of murders and suicides, the discovery that full-scale atomic war has broken out on earth, and the knowledge that the rocket ship itself is almost surely doomed. Playwright Oboler seems indeed to be prophesying that the atomic age may end up with man as extinct as the great auk.

Closing at week's end, the play mingled one or two thrills with an appalling number of frills, one or two philosophic truths with a succession of Polonius-like truisms, an occasional feeling for language with pretentious and barbarous misuse of it. A good cast of actors, including Claude Rains, Christopher Plummer and Wendell Corey, were unhappily squandered on a pudding of a script—part scientific jargon, part Mermaid Tavern verse, part Madison Avenue prose—that sounded like cosmic advertising copy.

THE PRESS

Crime & Punishment

After deliberating for only 88 minutes, a Manhattan jury last week convicted three minor figures in the acid blinding of Labor Columnist Victor Riesel (*TIME*, Sept. 10 *et ante*). Two were sentenced to five years in federal prison, the other to two years. Scheduled for trial this week: Mob Chief Johnny Dio (real name: Dioguardi), 42, charged with plotting the attack to keep Riesel from testifying in a grand-jury investigation of trucking- and garment-industry rackets.

The Newsmen Shortage

"A journalism graduate," according to an old newspaperman's quip, "is only one degree removed from a good reporter." Today, instead of turning away the diploma bearer, U.S. newspapers are bidding eagerly for journalism school graduates—and finding that there are not nearly enough to go around. From Tulane University's 30-student department to Northwestern's famed Medill School of Journalism (enrollment: 482), journalism deans report that they receive up to ten job offers for every graduate. Said a *Journalism Quarterly* survey of 76 schools last week: "For the second year in a row, not a single institution reported a surplus of graduates."

The major reason for the shortage is that public relations firms, advertising agencies, trade publications, house organs, radio and TV stations are all offering graduates higher salaries than newspapers. Of 53 students who will graduate next year from the State University of Iowa's journalism school, only 16 plan to work for daily or weekly newspapers; less than one-third of the school's students are majoring in editorial work, v. 42% in 1951.

Though major dailies usually have more job applications than jobs, newspapers in most areas are not only crying for new blood but have steadily increased wage

scales. Nevertheless, the average starting pay for a newspaperman at graduation last June was \$316 monthly, v. an average \$366 for other professions. By contrast, General Electric Co., which regularly shops journalism schools for public relations staffers, offered them starting salaries of \$385 a month with guaranteed 10% raises after six months.

One result is that journalism has little appeal for students. In a 1956 survey of 5,280 high-school boys in the top 5% of their classes, only 1.5% planned careers in the entire communications field; eleven times as many students were interested in science research and 22 times as many planned to become engineers.

Depth in Dixie

After the May 1954 Supreme Court decision outlawing segregation in public schools, most Southern newspapers played up stories of anti-integration violence, but shied away from the more significant story of desegregation's quiet progress (*TIME*, Jan. 17, 1955). But the Southern press is changing its ways. Last week Don Shoemaker, onetime editor of the Asheville, N.C. *Citizen*, who heads the nonprofit, nonpolitical Southern Education Reporting Service, said that "objectivity is clearly on the rise" in Southern news columns.

Shoemaker told a University of Illinois seminar for political reporters that the South's 38 biggest dailies (all but a dozen of which editorially defend segregation) are now playing desegregation stories "straight down the line," seem less inclined to emphasize news that depicts the Negro in a bad light. Said Shoemaker: "The feeling at first was that any news treatment of the problem would be resented by readers, because it was such a highly touchy subject. Now newspapers have found readers don't resent it, and use their own staffs to cover the problem instead of relying on the news services. There is more reporting in depth."

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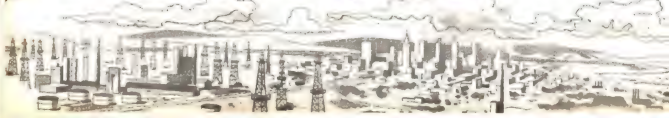
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More than 50 years ago, General Mills launched its first research program. Since then many startling achievements have emerged from our laboratories into industry and home. These achievements are changing production practices, improving man's environment. Not content with yesterday's performance, the five divisions of the General Mills Industrial Group are reaching still further into the unknown, hoping to serve industry and you still better. The following examples are representative of recent products and processes resulting from this research.

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O-Cel-O Division, Buffalo, N.Y.



4/ Can Today's Metals Carry Man to the Moon? General Mills' Dr. Gottfried Wehner says, "No." Metals must be improved to cope with heat, other obstacles. Here he checks "sputtering" of metal under simulated conditions in outer space. This is one phase of multi-faceted research in theoretical and developmental physics, findings from which are translated regularly into applications for industrial and military use today. Booklet shows engineering, manufacturing facilities.

Mechanical Division, Minneapolis



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Mills**

TORNADO FUNNEL TWISTS DOWN FROM STORM CLOUD OVER NEBRASKA PLAINS

AP/WIDEWORLD

Man's Milieu

See Cover!

From the missile-testing station at Cape Canaveral, Fla., a modified Viking rocket soared up 125 miles one night last week, its bright exhaust glowing briefly like a wrong-way shooting star. Its flight was a partial test of the "vehicle" that will lift the U.S. artificial satellite in 1958, and the instruments that will steer it, into its orbit around the earth. When the satellite is established there, one of its most important jobs will be to keep track of the global movements of the white clouds far below. It will then be busy at the homely old task of forecasting the weather, doing in essence what a farmer does when he looks up at the sky and holds a wetted finger at the wind.

Young Science. Between the farmer's wetted finger and the cloud-watching satellite lies the young and booming science of meteorology. A hundred years ago it hardly existed, and for another 50 years few people took it seriously. The "weatherman" was a popular joke, and his vague daily forecasts had little more prestige than the guesswork predictions in farmers' almanacs.

This attitude is slowly changing. The public still makes jokes about the weatherman from force of habit, but it relies on him too. Last year the U.S. public made more than 200 million telephone calls asking about the weather, and this year the score will be higher. Farmers call, hoping for rain. Vacationers, picnickers, soft-drink bottlers and garden-party hostesses called, hoping for clear skies. Every year more weather facts are demanded and supplied: sailing conditions for yachtsmen, rainfall on watersheds. Newspapers and TV feature weather maps. Industries, department stores, oil companies and airlines employ meteorologists. The armed services, more at the mercy of weather than in foot-dragging days, keep thousands of them busy.

One man who did as much as anyone to raise meteorology to its present high estate is a likable, high-spirited, round-faced Swede named Carl-Gustaf Arvid Rossby. Most leaders of modern meteorology are friends or past pupils of Dr. Rossby's. The "Rossby parameter" is important in up-to-date forecasting, and the grandest movements of the atmosphere are called the "Rossby waves." The history of modern meteorology is inescapably paralleled by Rossby's career.

Fractious Cyclones. Meteorology of the weather-adage type is at least as old as the Bible ("The north wind driveth away rain"; *Proverbs 25:27*), and knowledge of atmospheric behavior has accumulated slowly through the centuries. In the early 19th century, for instance, it

was known that large areas of low atmospheric pressure sweep across the North Temperate Zone roughly from west to east and are apt to bring stormy weather. But this knowledge was useless for weather forecasting. The stormy "lows" or "cyclones" move much faster than letters carried by stagecoaches, so in those days countries lying in their path could not be warned of their coming before they had come and gone.

Modern scientific meteorology was founded on the telegraph, with an assist from the Crimean War. On Nov. 14, 1854, a violent storm sank key vessels of a Franco-British fleet in Balaklava harbor. At the request of the French Minister of War, the famed astronomer Urbain Le Verrier studied the storm and reported that it could have been tracked across Europe by the new-fangled telegraph. Soon after his report sank in, most of Europe (and later the U.S.) had a telegraphic storm-warning service.

For more than 50 years after Le Verrier, weather forecasting consisted principally of watching the cyclones as they drifted majestically, dragging the weather with them. Trouble was that the cyclones did not always behave. They were always ringed by counterclockwise winds but the winds were sometimes gentle and sometimes violent. Sometimes the cyclones stood still, or even moved backward.

Fronts & Masses. About the time of World War I, Professor Vilhelm Bjerknes of Norway and his son Jacob decided that the fractious cyclones, though they may be 1,000 miles across, are only minor players in the weather drama. The leading players are enormous masses of cold, dry air that sweep down from the polar regions at irregular intervals. The Bjerknes theory, emphasizing fronts and air masses



U. S. Navy

VIKING ROCKET
Like a wetted finger in the wind.

Ⓢ Not to be confused with tornadoes, some times called cyclones. They are destructive local whirlwinds connected with thunderstorms, while the meteorologists' cyclones are low-pressure areas hundreds of miles in diameter.



WEATHER-WARNING RADARSCOPE at Miami watches size and movements of distant rainstorms, approach of hurricanes and buildup of flood conditions within 250-mile radius. Rings show measuring tensile intervals; are centered on Miami and coast of Florida (*left*); show rain blobs over ocean at top, center and right.

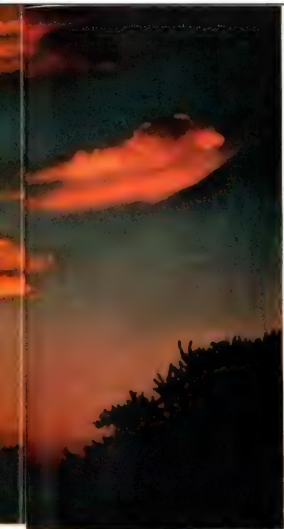


HURRICANE SKY over Massachusetts at sunset Sept. 14, 1955, shows northern edge of Hurricane Ione (with winds up to 125 m.p.h.) advancing from southwest (left).

WARM FRONT moving from left across wooded New England valley, runs over mass of cold air at right, lifting, cooling and condensing into banks of clouds that produce rain.

JOHN J. ENGLISH (REUTERS/REUTERS)





MONSIEUR MOUNTAIN, MONTANA, DECEMBER 1954



U.S. FOREST SERVICE, MONTANA

JET STREAM sweeps cirrus clouds along, heralding clear weather to skywatchers on Idaho mountaintop. Condensation trails of a B-36 (upper left) indicate moisture still in the air.

CUMULUS CLOUD, towering above lookout in Montana timber area, is type that leads to electric storms and forest fires. Cloud-seeding may disperse formation and prevent lightning.



U.S. FOREST SERVICE, MONTANA



SUN DOG (center): in cloud converted to ice crystals by seeding, is refracted image of the sun. Unseeded, watery alto-cumulus and cumulus clouds are seen above and below.

RALPH NEWCOMB—BLUE HILL OBSERVATORY

END OF A STORM leaves scattered alto-cumulus clouds, colored by setting sun. These remnants of dissipating cumulus formation (lower right) indicate possible storm the next day.



rather than cyclones, lit up meteorology like a new sun rising, and upgraded it into a more exact science. It is still the basis of the familiar newspaper weather maps.

None of this made much impression on young Carl-Gustaf Rossby, who in 1918 was a restless, adventurous 19-year-old student at the University of Stockholm. Son of a construction engineer, he went through *gymnasium* (secondary school) with no special interest in science. Looking around for an exciting profession, he thought at one time of astronomy. This attraction, he now recalls, came from several romantic novels about bearded astronomers sitting on mountaintops and looking at the stars, while young girls in lacy nightgowns ran uphill toward them, tearing their nightgowns on the thickets. Calm reflection convinced him that real-life astronomy does not live up to this billing.

For one year he halfheartedly studied physics at the University of Stockholm, then transferred to the Geophysical Institute in Bergen, Bergen had something special to offer: the great Professor Bjerknes, whom Rossby remembers as "a man with a bushel of hair, a remote interest in his students and a frugal way with his family." Soon Rossby was living in the professor's house and planning to take his air-mass gospel to the ends of the earth.

Mission to Washington. Although young Rossby was fascinated by the new meteorology, he did not stay put in Bergen. Like many European students, he wandered from university to university, stopping for a year at Leipzig, then returning to Stockholm. After winning his licentiate (graduate degree) in theoretical physics, he worked for a while for the Swedish weather bureau, where he decided "the prospects looked pretty bleak." Rescue came in 1926 from the Sweden-American Foundation, which gave him a fellowship to go to the U.S. His mission: to sell the Bjerknes doctrine to U.S. meteorology.

First stop was the Weather Bureau in Washington, where Rossby got an unofficial job. The bureau was already an elderly outfit (founded in 1870) and valiantly impervious to new ideas, especially when presented by a young Swedish missionary so full of bounce that he could hardly stay on the floor. Rossby left the bureau hurriedly in 1927 after making an unauthorized weather forecast (a good one) for Lindbergh's Mexico flight.

Disgrace did not last long. The year 1927 was a yeasty period; the public was crazy about aviation. Almost at once the Swede rejected by the Weather Bureau was picked up by the Daniel Guggenheim Fund for the Promotion of Aeronautics and sent to California to establish the first airway weather reporting system.

Western Air Express (now Western Airlines), a pioneer airline, was flying radio-less Fokkers made of cloth and plywood between Los Angeles and San Francisco. Weather procedure before take-off was to call the next stop on the telephone and ask how the weather looked ahead. Often a field that had looked fine was



THE map above shows the Northern Hemisphere with the circumpolar winds streaming west to east like a scalloped whirlpool. The lobes bulging southward are the Rossby waves, and their shifting of position can be forecast by Rossby's equation:

$$C = U - \beta \left(\frac{L}{2\pi} \right)^2$$

Where U is the speed of the circumpolar wind. Beta (β) is the Rossby parameter, a number that has to do with the rotation of the earth. L is the length of the wave. Figures for the wind speed and the wave length can be obtained from properly made high-altitude weather maps, of which the map above is a simplified example. When these figures are supplied, the equation gives C , the speed with which the waves will shift around the earth, carrying the weather with them.

Most difficult concept in the above equation is the Rossby parameter. Beta. In this case it explains the tendency of air masses to spin counterclockwise when they move toward the equator. If an air mass is over the North Pole, for instance, and is stationary in relation to the earth, it is nevertheless spinning like a wheel in space, one turn every 24 hours, because of the earth's rotation. If this air mass were to be moved to the equator, it would keep its wheel-like spin, but the earth's surface below it would not be spinning the same way. It would be moving around the earth with a motion like the surface of a wheel's tire. So the transplanted air mass from the Pole will spin counterclockwise in relation to the nonspinning surface at the equator.

Air does not move in masses from the Pole to the equator, but some increase of spin shows up whenever a mass in the Northern Hemisphere moves southward. This has an important effect on the behavior of air moving along the Rossby waves. Since the principle works in reverse also, it explains in part why tropical hurricanes lose some of their spin when they move north.

soaked in when the flight arrived or unexpectedly bad weather was encountered en route. "They had not considered," explains Rossby, "that weather may come from sideways."

With his assistant, an air-minded University of California student named Horace Robert Byers, Rossby combed the

airline's territory for "people who had a telephone and who stayed put all day." When one of these treasures (a gas-station owner, waterworks superintendent or hotel manager) was found, they tried to persuade him to report visibility, ceiling, and rain or snow every 90 minutes. Sometimes Rossby would borrow a pilot and



ROSSBY & FAMILY IN CHICAGO*
Men are still like crabs on the ocean floor.

AP-509

airplane from the Army Air Corps and buzz a remote small town. When all the inhabitants were craning their necks at the glamorous flying machine, he would land in the flattest field, parade into town in an air fan's car and confer with the mayor. The result of this showmanship was usually a group of weather reporters.

Swedish Compliments. These days were wonderful fun, and Rossby's weather system worked. It became the model for use by fast-spreading U.S. airlines. When not too busy, Rossby kept up with the hard-boiled pilots in jazz-age drinking and other activities. Most of them envied his way with women. "It was his Swedish manners," says one of his friends of those days. "He'd hold the hand of a nightclub-hat-check girl for several minutes lading out those Swedish compliments. If it was any other guy, the girl would have called the manager."

In 1928 Rossby was invited by Massachusetts Institute of Technology to head its department of meteorology. He left Byers in charge of the weather-reporting system and said goodbye to California and its convivial pilots. "A problem solved," Rossby often remarks, "is a dead problem." In Cambridge fresh problems were waiting for him.

M.I.T.'s meteorology department, now a large and flourishing academic province, then had a faculty of two: Rossby and Hurd Willett. They roomed together in a Boston apartment, worked and played together. Soon Rossby began seriously dating Harriet Marshall Alexander, the pretty daughter of a Boston physician, who attracted him initially by her ability to identify from their songs 40 different kinds of birds. Roommate Willett dated Harriet once. When he returned late that night, Rossby was waiting up for him. "I shall kill you!" cried the passionate Swede. Willett withdrew, and Rossby married the girl. (They have three children: Stig Arvid, 25, a physics student at

Illinois Institute of Technology; Hans Thomas, 19, a science student in a school near Stockholm; and Carin, 16, a student at the University of Chicago Laboratory School.)

After the romance was settled, Rossby and Willett remained friends and began plotting a major attack on the atmosphere. The Bjerknes theory was based almost entirely on ground observations, but the great air masses that it dealt with go practically to the top of the atmosphere. Rossby reasoned that study of wind pressure, temperature, etc., at high altitude should show new facts about the atmosphere's large-scale circulation. This was the time of the great Dust Bowl drought of the '30s, and Rossby's project got support from the Department of Agriculture, which hoped to forecast droughts and other weather disasters.

Facts from aloft proved hard to get. So M.I.T. hired a Cessna. With Willett as pilot, he and Rossby made weather-observation flights every morning from East Boston Airport. The Government soon took over and expanded this work, but the real solution of the problem was the radiosonde. Developed in the '30s, these light, expendable radio transmitters were carried to great heights by small balloons. All the way up they reported pressure, temperature and humidity by radio, and their drift measured the winds aloft.

Grand Pattern. At first the upper-air weather looked as confused and chaotic as weather on the ground. Then a grand pattern began to appear of gigantic horizontal waves in the eastward drift of air that circles around the earth in north temperate latitudes. These are the Rossby waves, also called "long waves." There are generally four or five of them festooned around the polar region. As they shift

their positions, they steer the movement of cold and warm air masses that control the weather in the North Temperate Zone.* If the tip of a wave reaches far south, a great mass of polar air is to get broken off. Revolving counterclockwise, it drifts far into the tropics.

By means of elaborate mathematical reasoning, Rossby evolved an equation that could be used to predict the shape of the waves (see box). Since large-scale weather phenomena depend on this shaping, Rossby's equation made it possible at least theoretically, to forecast well in advance most of the world's weather patterns. His first paper on the subject, published in 1939, is looked on by meteorologists as a major breakthrough.

The date 1939, however, has another significance: it was the start of World War II, during which meteorology suddenly came of age. It was quickly apparent that the war would be fought largely in the air, with weather often the controlling factor. Storms would put whole forces out of action. For surface forces, clouds and fogs would be all-important shelter.

Rossby did a part-time hitch as head research with the Weather Bureau, which had a new chief and was trying hard to bring itself up to date. But in 1941, with the war spreading fast, the University of Chicago asked him to head its new department of meteorology. He accepted partly because one of his basic beliefs is that after about ten years a group of associates has nothing new to tell each other. "They should break it up, he thinks, and look for fresh stimulation."

To Chicago Rossby brought his friend Horace Byers of California days and made him executive assistant and backstop. This move was a lifesaver. Byers had made Rossby increasingly individualistic. He was a wonderfully stimulating teacher, an inspiring leader, and he produced ideas at a fantastic rate, but he was also a poor manager. He hardly ever answered mail. Instead, he stacked up opened letters in a pile to ripen. When they were so old that their writers no longer hoped for an answer, he felt it would do no harm to throw them away. He cut classes, was usually stony about ignored university budget restrictions. Sometimes he would ring furiously for his secretary when he was already dictating to her.

Onrushing Crisis. These peculiarities might have got Rossby into serious trouble, in spite of his recognized genius, but the onrushing war was a crisis, and he thrived on crises. The U.S. was building the world's biggest air force, and so it would need the world's biggest corps of meteorologists. There were only a few in the country, many of them hopelessly behind the times. The Government's solution was to put Rossby in charge of a most strenuous, high-pressure training program. He crisscrossed the country, setting up branch units at New York University, U.C.L.A., Caltech and M.I.T. At the University of

* From left: Son Stig and wife; Daughter Greta; Willett; Harriet; Son Hans is at school in Sweden.

* Similar waves, less well-known, are found in the South Temperate Zone.

Chicago. Rossby lectured with a slight, but attractive, Swedish accent to classes of 400 students, force-feeding them with the Bjerknes doctrine.

The students got a crash-grounding in the sort of meteorology that would be most useful in war. They learned how to predict whether the sky over a German city would be clear enough at a certain hour for high-altitude, visual bombing. Similar methods predicted days when dirty weather would protect ground troops from enemy air.

Forecast on D-Day. The biggest moment for military weathermen was critical D-day, when General Eisenhower's forces crossed the Channel to land on the Normandy coast. Everything depended on the weather, which could have broken up the invasion fleet as it had the Spanish Armada, sailing in the opposite direction, 356 years before. As June 1944 approached, the weather over the Channel remained impossibly bad. Each service demanded several different kinds of weather. The airborne infantry wanted cloud-cover to shelter it from enemy fighters; the bombers wanted clear skies. Ground forces wanted cloud-cover and fairly dry soil in Normandy to support their vehicles.

Selecting the kind of weather that would be best for all concerned, the High Command asked the weathermen to pick the date when the chances would be highest for getting it. June 4 or 5 was chosen tentatively, but on June 3 the weathermen said no: the weather would not be good enough. On June 4 General Eisenhower postponed the invasion. Late that night he got better news from the weathermen. A storm, they said, would pass over the Channel on June 5, leaving fairly good conditions on Tuesday, June 6.

Eisenhower followed the weathermen's advice and made his decision for a June 6 landing. June 5 was stormy, but on June 6 weather conditions were reasonably good. The invasion forces crossed the Channel, finding the Germans unprepared. Their airplanes were grounded; their naval vessels absent. Deceived by the storm which had just passed, they thought Eisenhower would wait at least another day.

The Generals Asked Too Much. During the war, Rossby visited most of the theaters where his meteorologists were sweating out their decisions. Some of the generals and admirals, he noted, alternated between cursing the weathermen and demanding forecasting accuracy that was impossible to supply. Many of their bitterest complaints were not about the forecasting but about the weather. General Patton, despairing of meteorology, once turned to his chaplain: "Goddam it," he shouted, "get me some good weather!"

After the war was over, most of the military meteorologists shifted to other fields. The Weather Bureau was the only large employer, and although, under Francis W. Reichelderfer, it was considerably modernized, it still had few jobs. Hating to see his beloved science slump to its prewar level, Rossby tried to persuade private industry to hire meteorologists or to contract for special meteorological

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services. For a while he put his heart into this promotion effort, writing and even answering quite a lot of letters. An important step was to persuade the Weather Bureau to make its Teletype weather data available to qualified persons to interpret as they saw fit.

Before the war, most private meteorologists were rural quacks who went by the phases of the moon or the furriness of caterpillars. The postwar crop is generally more responsible and far more effective. Most of them do not try "to beat the Weather Bureau." Instead, they take Weather Bureau information and extract from it facts of special importance to their customers. They coach oil companies on whether they should evacuate their offshore drilling rigs in the path of a hurricane. Knowledge that evacuation is not necessary may save many thousands of dollars. Small business for the private weathermen is advising whether to call off outdoor fairs and parties. Big business is coaching insurance companies that issue policies against losses caused by the weather.

Jet Stream. Promoting private meteorology was for Rossby a kind of decompression period after the war. It was not real science, and he had not forgotten the Rossby waves. Indeed, a startling feature of them had been forcibly impressed upon him during the war.

Everyone who has glanced aloft at the high, feathery cirrus clouds knows that they often move at impressive speed, but until the U.S. B-29s began bombing Japan, no one realized just how hard the high winds could blow. Sometimes the bombers were even blown backwards by head winds approaching 200 m.p.h.

When Rossby heard about these winds, he saw at once that they must be associated with the long, high-altitude waves that he had discovered. He named them the "jet stream." After the war he worked out a highly mathematical theory to account for the wind. Now the jet stream is used in the flight-planning of both civil and military airplanes. Its behavior can be predicted to a considerable extent by Rossby's theories.

Numbers Game. The most exciting postwar news for Rossby was the appearance of high-speed electronic computing machines. Meteorologists had often dreamed of "numerical forecasting," i.e., predicting the future actions of the atmosphere by applying mathematical equations to its current pattern, but they were stopped at once by two difficulties: 1) they did not know the proper equations, and 2) they would have to do so much figuring that they could not keep up with the weather. It alone forecast it. British Meteorologist L. F. Richardson described in 1922 a forecast machine built like a gigantic theater, with 64,000 mathematicians frantically busy with desk computers. A modern computing machine can figure as fast as 100,000 men.

Other men than Rossby noted this startling fact. Dr. Vladimir Zworykin, inventor of the iconoscope, the first effective television-camera tube, sold the idea to



PROFESSOR VILHELM BJERKNES
Bit part for a cyclone.

his Princeton neighbor, the great Mathematician John von Neumann. Teaming up with Rossby, who provided the meteorological knowledge, Von Neumann and his brilliant assistant Dr. Jule Charney devised ingenious mathematical tricks to shoehorn weather observations into computing machines.

Rossby's main contribution to numerical forecasting, besides his discovery of the long waves, is his simplified equations, which treat the atmosphere as if it were as two-dimensional as a sheet of paper. Looked at in the large, this is not far from true. The part of the atmosphere that concerns the weather is only some seven miles deep, and it covers the surface of a globe 8,000 miles in diameter. Proper-

tionately, it is much thinner than the skin of an apple.

Electronic Editor. Electronic weather forecasting is now being done with steadily increasing success by the Joint Numerical Weather Prediction Unit at Suitland, Md., where the Air Force, Navy and Weather Bureau have pooled their forces. Weather information flows into the machines from both ground stations and upper-air probes. Some 1,400 punched cards cover North America. Other information equally important comes from the rest of the Northern Hemisphere, including Soviet Russia and Communist China. The machine even "edits" the raw data, selecting from masses of figures the special ones wanted, such as air pressure at 18,000 ft. over the Aleutian Islands.

The machine's forecasts do not pinpoint ground-level weather for any locality. They concern the behavior of the high-altitude waves, which have broad control over local ground weather. At present, says Dr. G. R. Cressman, head of the unit, the machine makes fine forecasts of upper-air weather for high-flying aircraft. For ground-level weather, it is not yet very good.

All authorities insist that computer forecasting should not be judged by its present performance but by its capacity to improve. Old-style forecasting is partly a subjective art, but the computing machine is objective. It will always come to the same conclusion about the same set of figures, and as the figures improve, its forecasts will improve also.

The Rossby Limit. Rossby still watches numerical forecasting, but in 1950 he began to get restless in Chicago. He had been there about ten years—the Rossby limit. Gradually, he transferred his interest to Sweden, where he hoped to find fresh contacts to keep his brain turning over.

Since the war, U.S. meteorology had continued to expand explosively. All the armed services were demanding better forecasting and better knowledge of the atmosphere. Radars had proved fine weather-observing tools, showing up rain or snow 300 miles away. Rockets could photograph from above hundreds of thousands of square miles of weather, even entire hurricanes. Weather ships were stationed at sea; weather airplanes were flying into hurricanes.

Rossby felt that the vigorous, hard-shelled U.S. type of meteorology was in good hands. It might be better for him to start at a new level, studying neglected properties of the atmosphere. With the help of the Swedish government, Rossby set up in Stockholm the International Meteorological Institute, which soon became a place of pilgrimage for meteorologists, both European and American.

Aside from continued study of atmospheric circulation, Rossby's favorite program at Stockholm has been "atmospheric chemistry." The atmosphere, he and his researchers have found, is anything but uniform chemically. Parts of it, for instance, are full of sea-salt particles which are responsible for a common kind of



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 Hallo, hur står det?...Det er rart at



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rainfall. Not much is known about them, although they may be one of the factors controlling the world's climates. The chemicals in the airborne salt, for instance, are not in the same proportion as they are in the sea. No one knows why, and Rossby wants to find out.

CO₂ Menace. Another atmospheric variable is carbon dioxide. CO₂ is comparatively plentiful downwind from industrial areas such as the Ruhr, and there is a good possibility that man's fires and engines are adding so much of it to the atmosphere that the world's climate may be changed drastically by the solar heat that it traps. Rossby wants to find out about this little matter too.

He is not too hopeful about human efforts to change the weather. He admits that cloud seeding with dry ice or silver iodide particles can coax rain out of a susceptible cloud, but he is not convinced that it can be done often enough to be valuable. Rossby believes that better long-range forecasting would probably be more valuable than attainable extra rain. A long-range forecast of a disastrous drought (see NATIONAL AFFAIRS), such as the one that is affecting much of the U.S. at present, could prevent much suffering.

Long a naturalized U.S. citizen, Rossby now splits his time between the U.S. and Sweden. In Stockholm he lives in an apartment full of books, pictures, orchids (which he cultivates) and Swedish antiquities. His headquarters in the U.S. is Cape Cod, where he works at the Woods Hole Oceanographic Institution.

Respect the Planet. Rossby's next project, which may make him spend more time in the U.S., is to bring meteorology into close relationship with the other earth sciences, especially oceanography. The atmosphere affects both the sea and the land, and is affected by them, so meteorologists ought to work closely with oceanographers, geographers and geologists. "The atmosphere," says Rossby, "is man's milieu. Everything that affects it affects man." Long-range study of the milieu, he hopes, may show up the causes of recurrent droughts and wet periods, and of recurrent ice ages. "It would be nice to know," says Rossby, "when the ice will cover our countries again."

A grand era in meteorology will begin when artificial satellites can watch the atmosphere from above. "Right now," says Rossby, "we are like crabs on the ocean floor. What we need is a view from a satellite. Only from a satellite could we see the planetary waves."

But Rossby is not entirely happy about man's fast-increasing powers. Each year the atmosphere is more polluted by man's airborne refuse. Man's atomic operations have already increased the earth's radioactivity. Rossby watches all this with growing misgivings. He feels that the meteorologists and their allies must hurry to understand the atmosphere before some bungler, well-meaning or otherwise, turns it against man. "Tampering can be dangerous," he says. "Nature can be vengeful. We should have a great deal of respect for the planet on which we live."

Cherry Heering

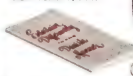
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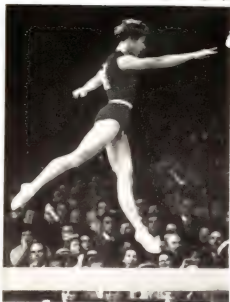
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LEHMAN BROTHERS

December 4, 1966.

SPORT



RUSSIAN GYMNAST LARISA LATYNINA ON THE BALANCE BEAM
Blood in the pool and rhubarb in the air.

End of the Affair

Komsomolskaya Pravda called it "the Golden Thursday of Soviet Sport." During twelve gasping hours filled with 25 separate events—mostly such austere undertakings as Greco-Roman wrestling and long-horse vaulting—Russian Olympians won twelve gold medals and the U.S. none. With that, the race between the 16th Olympics' two chief contenders was over. By their grim gleaming of points in the final days, the Russian team gave the U.S. its first beating since 1936 in the overall mathematics of the Olympic Games.

Wasted Words. The last U.S. hope was doused in the tepid water of the Olympic swimming pool, where the Australians turned out to be not only dangerous, as expected, but downright homicidal to U.S. hopes. The U.S. woman most dramatically in the swim was the Walter Reed Swim Club's Shelley Mann, who led a U.S. sweep of the 100-meter butterfly, U.S. men, expected to score heavily, were swamped in the foam of their hustling hosts. Murray Rose, a 17-year-old Aussie who tries a seaweed diet and even hypnosis to help him along, sliced through the water as if a shark were snapping at his toes, set a new Olympic record in the 100-meter freestyle, helped his teammates set a world record as they took the 800-meter relay, then came back to whip New York's George Breen in the gut-wrenching 1,500-meter grind.

In platform diving long the private preserve of U.S. athletes, some all-but-unbeatable competition came from an unexpected source. Time after time a Russian woman and a Hungarian man among the seven judges automatically gave lowest marks on every dive to Gary Tobian and Dick Connor of the U.S. and the

highest marks to Russian divers. Even so, Tobian climbed to the platform for his last dive, nursing a slight lead over Mexico's classy Joaquin Capilla. Tobian flipped through a running double-twisting forward one-and-a-half somersault with such consummate grace that his detractors could only hold him down to a high 19.76 points. Then Capilla soared into an equally spectacular double-twisting forward one-and-a-half and scored enough to win the championship by .03 of a point. A protest from U.S. Diving Coach Karl Michael did not change the result.

Next day, overcoming the judges with a peerless exhibition, the women's defending champion comely Pat McCormick, 26, a California housewife, spun through intricate optional dives, performed a final running full-twisting forward one-and-a-half somersault that was good enough to add the platform title to her springboard victory and make her the first diver ever to win both titles in two Olympics. This was slim pickings, indeed, compared to Russia's sweep of 11 of the 17 gold medals in gymnastics, three of which were won by lovely Larisa Latynina.

Running Rhubarb. Eliminated from most of the last-week surge of frenzy, the U.S. team relaxed and watched the Olympic orgy of "international good will" degenerate into a running international rhubarb. Having stored it up through most of the two weeks of sportsmanlike intimacy, competitors and fans alike began to let loose some of the bad temper induced by the Soviet repression of Hungary. The Russians' popularity seemed to diminish as rapidly as their score rose. They were booed so lustily when they took their turn on the fencing mats that police had to escort them through the threatening crowds.

Almost inevitably, there was even some bloodshed. In the Olympic pool, Hungarians came face to face with Russians for the semifinals of water polo, indulged in an extra-rough version of one of the toughest of games. While Hungarian immigrants in the stands shouted insults at the Russians, both teams traded blows. One of the Russian players muttered a nasty word, "Fascist," and a Russian hater almost flattened Hungary's Antol Bolvari. In the closing minutes Russia's Vladimir Prokopenko brutally hunted Hungarian center Ervin Zador under the eye and the Hungarian climbed out of the water, streaming blood. The Russians were too far behind (4-0) to win anyway, so officials stopped the game rather than wait for a full-fledged riot.

Before the Hungarian water poloists went on to win the finals, they stood with some of their countrymen at Melbourne airport and sadly said goodbye to others who climbed into an airplane and headed back to Europe. The band played the stirring music of *Isten Áldd Meg a Magyar* (Lord of Heaven Bless Our Land) as the plane roared away, and those on the ground wondered whether to return home or start new lives elsewhere.

With that doleful epitaph to the Olympic ideal, the games ended. Using the system favored by U.S. sportswriters (10 points for first, 5, 4, 3, 2 and 1 for the subsequent places), the Soviets had won with 722 points. Second, the U.S., with 503. Third, Australia, with 273. Under the European system of 7 points for first place, the score was 622 to 497. Melbourne's largest funeral parlor took down its "Welcome to Olympic Visitors" sign and airline flights were so solidly booked that one desperate spectator tried to get shipped home as freight. In the Olympic stadium, the gas was turned off and the Olympic flame, symbol of sporting competition, flickered out for another four years.

ALL-AMERICA

IN the days of Walter Camp, when the most good football players went to Yale, Harvard or Princeton, it was a simple matter to pick one generally accepted All-America team. Now so many men from so many schools are touted as champs that picking All-Americas has become as common a year-end pastime as kissing under the mistletoe. The consensus this year:

Backs: Johnny Majors, Tennessee; Paul Hornung, Notre Dame; Tom McDonald, Oklahoma; Jim Brown, Syracuse.

Ends: Joe Walton, Pittsburgh; Ron Kramer, Michigan.

Tackles: John Witte, Oregon State; Alex Karras, Iowa.

Guards: Jim Parker, Ohio State; Bill Glass, Baylor.

Center: Jerry Tubbs, Oklahoma.

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OTIS DOZIER'S "PLACE IN THE DESERT"

ART

Southwest Painter

Regionalism, once a coursing stream in U.S. art, today is a dry ditch, and probably a very good thing too. The astounding vistas of the opening West have become familiar to a nation on wheels; most regional art has degenerated into picturesque views suitable for sale to tourists at roadside stands. Art viewers have come to expect more from artists than a pleasant rendering of a sunset over the Grand Canyon or the pine-studded shores of Rockport, Me.

Taproots. But every artist has to live somewhere, and each must face the problem of how to sink taproots in one local-

ity, while at the same time raising his painting to a level that transcends mere reportage. Nowhere is the problem more difficult than under the empty vault of the great U.S. Southwest, with its endless horizons, dwarfing mountains and picturesque hangovers from the wild and woolly past. One of the new Southwest artists to face, and largely solve, this problem is Otis Dozier, 52, currently being hailed with a retrospective one-man show at the Dallas Museum of Fine Arts.

Dozier is a senior member of a group of Texas painters who have evolved what Manhattan's Whitney Museum Associate Director Lloyd Goodrich calls "abstract art based on the character of Texas land-

scape." Texas born and bred, Dozier got his start doing PWAP murals, then put in seven years of study under Boardman Robinson at Colorado Springs' Fine Arts Center: "I must have done 6,000 sketches of mining towns, rocks and the human figure."

The Essential Feeling. Although he now bases himself in Dallas, Dozier is constantly on the prowl, ranging from the bayous to the Big Bend with sketchbook in hand. Says Dozier, with a shy pride: "I can recognize any sound I hear at night and tell what kind of animal or insect made it. As I've grown older, I've gotten more interested in the architecture of how things grow. Mountains have a bony structure, just like everything else. When you realize a mountain is a moving thing, you know there is movement in everything." Having first made dozens of sketches, he ends up not using any. Says he: "By then I don't have to lean on any crutches. I've got the essential feeling."

Otis Dozier's themes—grasshoppers and hells, Indian corn in the hot summer fields, a humid-swamp night scene—can be readily identified by any Texan. But his grasshopper is not just a laboratory specimen; it is a wondrous creature of heat and noise. When he painted *Brahma Bull*, Dozier did not try to provide a guessing game for Texas cattlemen adept at estimating values on the hoof, but to capture "the thing you always feel about a bull. He's the most powerful of the animal kingdom, and he seems to know it." In *Place in the Desert* (see cut), viewers are more likely to respond to Dozier's sense of the earth's architecture, with its hard, crystalline ribs and the harsh, hot feel of the desert, than to pinpoint its location. Said Texas Dozier, who consciously aims to break the bonds of regionalism: "You've got to start from where you are and hope to get to the universal."

EL GRECO'S LAST GLORIA

TOWARD the end of the 16th century a strange, aloof figure came to the Spanish hilltop town of Toledo. His origins were obscure, and his name—Domenikos Theotokopoulos—was so difficult that he was called simply El Greco (The Greek). He said he was born in Crete, boasted that he had been a student of Titian and, as one Toledo Spaniard recorded, "he let it be understood that nothing in the world was superior to his art." Certainly the stranger had at his brush tip not only Titian's designs but also all the secrets of Tintoretto's theatrical fireworks and Correggio's dramatic lighting as well. Soon even the proud churches of Toledo were vying for his works. In lordly fashion, the Greek moved into the royal suite of the Marqués de Villena's palace, turned it into a museum of his own works and made it his studio and home.

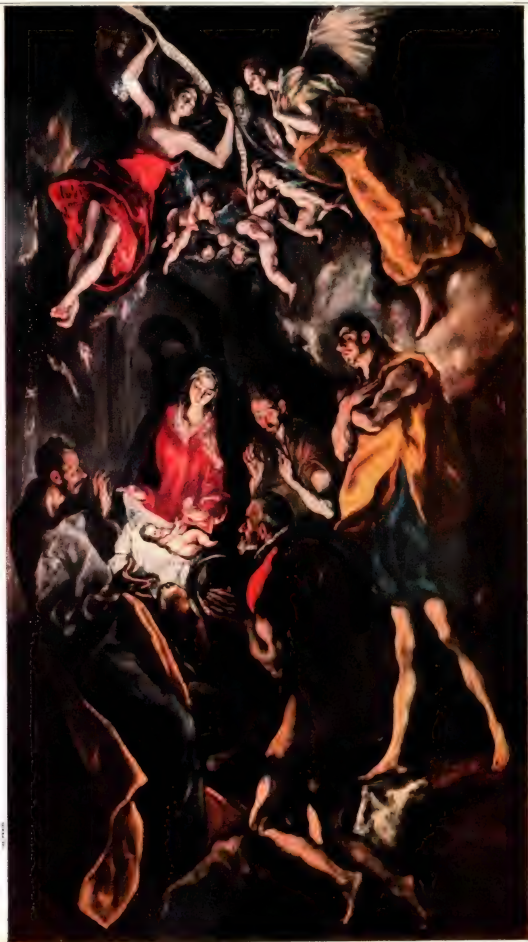
For El Greco, Toledo was an ideal city. Saint Theresa and St. John of the Cross were fellow citizens, and their visions made the miraculous an everyday occurrence. In such a time, Toledo found it easy to understand El Greco's inner vision, which triumphed over perspective and proportion to create his own soaring, flamelike dimensions of beauty and power.

Only in his declining years did luxury-loving El Greco's fortunes dwindle, and his regal apartments become threadbare and bleak. But in August 1612, El Greco, then 71, roused himself for a final great undertaking, the towering, 11½-ft. altarpiece,

The Adoration of the Shepherds, painted to decorate his own tomb in the church of Santo Domingo el Antiguo. In it, the Christ Child becomes a glowing pearl, illuminating with otherworldly radiance the three adoring shepherds and St. Joseph in his blue tunic and yellow cloak. Presiding over the scene that soars heavenward like a mighty Gloria in Excelsis is the figure of Mary. The oval face, pointed chin and downcast eyes are the features of Doña Jerónima de las Cuevas, the woman El Greco may never have married but who bore him his only son.

Five years after El Greco's death at 73, his body was moved from Santo Domingo to another church, and then all trace of it was lost. In time the currents of taste turned against El Greco. The Santo Domingo *Adoration* was allowed to become so begrimed under centuries of neglect that few art historians noted or reproduced it. Last year the church, hard up to finance repairs, sold it to Madrid's Prado for \$55,000. It took the Prado's experts nine months to clean and restore it. Today, the *Adoration* hangs in a place of honor in one of the Prado's newly inaugurated salons, fresh with all the unearthly radiance and splendor that El Greco's brushes originally imparted, and once again the permanent testament to his great art that the Toledo stranger originally intended it to be.

PRADO'S "ADORATION OF THE SHEPHERDS"





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COMPOSER BRANT

Steam callopie or porcupine's wedding?

concerto for flute and flute orchestra. Now it is on records, soloed by Frederick Wilkins, conducted by the composer and released by Composers Recordings, Inc. It is a remarkable experience, for Henry Brant knows every sonority that has ever been tried and quite a few that have not. When the 10 flutes start a massed flutter-tongue passage, it sounds as prickly as a porcupine's wedding; other fascinating moments are reminiscent of a jazz band playing at top speed, a steam callopie, a sound track for a science-fiction film—all a frothy treat to the ear.

Beethoven: Symphony No. 9 (Bayreuth Festival Chorus and Orchestra; Solists; conducted by Wilhelm Furtwängler; Victor, 2 LPs). A performance on a memorable occasion: the reopening of Wagner's Festspielhaus at Bayreuth in 1951. The recording has a predominantly heavy effect, partly because of foggy fidelity, and there are some sloppy attacks in the orchestra, but there are also some stunning bursts of choral sound, some impressive singing by soloists (Elisabeth Schwarzkopf, Elisabeth Höngen, Hans Hopf, Otto Edelmann), and some unique French horn performances in the scherzo.

William Byrd & His Age (Alfred Deller; Basel's Wenzinger Consort of Viols; Vanguard). Music from the golden age of English music (16th-17th centuries) sung in the round, slightly hoity but flexible alto of famed Countertenor Deller. Once the listener becomes adjusted to antique shifts of harmony, the music becomes extremely poignant. But countertenors—male voices that have been trained to sing in the falsetto range, but with more than falsetto power and resonance—are less easily adjusted to, for their tones sound sexless and unsettling.

Ives: The Unanswered Question (Zimmler Sinfonietta conducted by Lukas Foss; Unicorn). A cheerfully enigmatic work by the first U.S. modernist, Charles Ives (1874-1954). Against devout, sustained strings, a quartet of flutes and a solo trumpet superimpose progressively more insistent dissonances, but finally they retire, defeated by the mellow strings.

Prokofiev: Piano Concerto No. 3; Violin Concerto No. 1 (Emil Gilels, piano; David Oistrakh, violin; U.S.S.R. State Radio Orchestra conducted by Kiril Kondrashin; Westminster). The modern master of melodic and harmonic surprises at his popular best, played by instrumental masters who know just how every phrase should be turned. The results of Soviet recording techniques are a bit shrill, but clear.

Rossini: Sonatas for Strings (Solisti di Zagreb; Vanguard). Teen-age instrumental works by one of the world's most brilliant vocal composers. His irresistible melody is already bubbling, and there is hardly a note that does not solace the ear. The style is as neat, light and humorous as Rossini's later coloratura arias.

Rozsa: Violin Concerto (Jascha Heifetz; Dallas Symphony conducted by Walter Hendl; Victor). Miklos Rozsa, best known as a movie composer (*Spellbound*, *A Double Life*), writes music that is recognizably Hungarian—after Bartok and Kodaly made the style familiar—and also, by some strange chemistry of the ear, Hollywoodian. Its message is easy-going, its orchestration competently conservative. The concerto was written for Heifetz, who helped out with parts of it, and who plays it as if he had written it.

Sessions: Suite from "The Black Maskers" (Eastman-Rochester Symphony conducted by Howard Hanson; Mercury). A vivid and sometimes violent score, completed in 1923 for a production of Andreiev's symbolic drama and made into suite form in 1928. The music, once frighteningly "modern," has lost most of its terrors, is now easily accessible, occasionally beautiful, always stimulating.

Vaughan Williams: Symphony No. 8 (Hallé Orchestra conducted by Sir John Barbirolli; Mercury). A sweeping, full-throated song, written with far more springtime power and heat than might be expected from an 83-year-old, but in a harmonic idiom that suits his age. Barbirolli's orchestra matches Williams' enthusiasm note for note, dyne for erg.



183-92

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BUSINESS

AUTOS

The Big Road Show

Henry Ford II gripped a steering wheel, nudged General Motors President Harlow Curtice and beamed happily: "It sure looks as if we're going to sell a lot of cars." Lined up behind an outsized mock-up of a dashboard along with four other motormakers last week (see cut), Ford President Ford and G.M.'s Curtice had good reason to toot their horns. As they opened the first postwar National Automobile Show in Manhattan's Coliseum, 8,000 potential customers lined up outside. In the first two days, 70,000 plunked down 60¢ apiece just to see the racy goods Detroit was ready to sell them.

In the industry's most ambitious pro-

But this year, said he, "the supply of new cars in the hands of dealers on Jan. 1 will be low, whereas a year ago they were abnormally high."

Demand for new cars was so brisk that there were already shortages of many models. Henry Ford said that his new Mercury "has stimulated unprecedented customer demand which cannot be met for some considerable period of time despite rapidly increasing rates of production." As a result, Ford was upping its goal from 28% to 31.5% of the 1937 market.

Not Enough Cars. Chrysler's Lester Lum ("Tex") Colbert, embarrassed by his own shortage of cars (TIME, Dec. 10), said that "by all present indications, the retail market for cars in 1937 should be

But this November they trimmed out to 577,843, an annual rate of 6,000,000, and were determined to hold that level, with this month's production slated to be 600,000. At least one of Big Three, Chrysler, talked of "leveling out" production, aiming to produce a steady flow of cars throughout the year to increase efficiency, decrease layovers and avoid overstocking dealers.

STATE OF BUSINESS

View of the Boom

Encouraged by the fading Suez crisis, the stock market last week scored its biggest week's gain since 1938, with the Dow Jones average to close at 494.70. Au-



U.S. MOTORMAKERS[®] OPENING NATIONAL AUTOMOBILE SHOW
Good reason to toot their horns.

motion in history, the big automakers had spread through three floors of the Coliseum an \$11,250,000 display of 124 different new cars, 66 trucks and buses, plus scores of sequined nymphs to decorate them, and a half-hour musical review (title: *America on the Move*) that ran six times a day. Among the show stoppers: the high-priced cars that will go into limited production this year—Cadillac's \$12,500 Eldorado Brougham (output restricted to 1,000 the first year), Pontiac's convertible Bonneville Special (only 2,000, and for dealer use only), Ford's retractable hardtop convertible (about 10,000 in 1937).

How Many Cars? Automen last week were brimming with optimism that 1937 car sales will rank second only to the 7,400,000 of 1935. Predicted G.M.'s Curtice: "The industry in 1937 should produce and the domestic market absorb approximately 6,500,000 cars and 900,000 trucks. Including export, production should approximate 8,300,000 cars and trucks." Curtice candidly admitted that a year ago he had been overoptimistic in anticipating a 6,500,000-car year for 1936.

bigger by a substantial margin." For one reason, buyers would be in a stronger position than in 1936, when many of them were paying off the autos they bought in the record year of 1935. Said Colbert: "A substantial percentage of those who purchased new cars in 1935 on the installment plan have already paid off these obligations, or will have them paid off some time during the next year." He noted that 35% to 40% of 1935's new-car buyers paid in cash, and that two out of every three persons who bought new cars in 1935 will have cleaned up their automobile debt by 1937.

Although signs pointed to a better year, automakers were cautiously steering away from 1935's wild production race. In November and December of 1935, Detroit motormakers rushed out cars at a supercharged annual rate of almost 8,500,000. In November alone, they produced 749,003 cars, a yearly rate of 9,000,000.

From left: Diamond T Motor Car Co. Vice Chairman E. J. Bush, Studebaker-Packard President Harold E. Churchill, G.M.'s Curtice, Ford's Ford, Chrysler's Colbert, American Motors President George Romney.

the board, a pre-Christmas surge of business sent old records falling. The Commerce Department reported manufacturers' sales at a new high of \$30.1 billion in October, \$1.6 billion better than the previous record of last March; new orders rose to \$9.5 billion, \$300 million above last August's previous high. Personal income also set records—after topping previous peaks for two straight months rose again in October by \$1.1 billion to an annual rate of \$332.6 billion. \$21 billion ahead of last year.

But there also came advice to the fast running economy to watch its step. Speaking to the Executives' Club of Chicago, Henry C. Alexander, chairman of J. P. Morgan & Co., warned "Historically, a capital-investment boom such as we are having now has been the culminating phase of the economic cycle. If we keep on accelerating present pressures and loosen our restraints, we will get into readjustments of production and consumption and excesses of debt—into a spiral orgy—with the inevitable aftermath collapse. Yes, the time is here to stop less and save more."

TIME CLOCK

GOVERNMENT

Package Deals

While the U.S. packaging industry has grown larger and larger—multiplying its volume sixfold in the past quarter-century—the number of companies has grown smaller and smaller. Last week the Justice Department struck hard at the industry's urge to merge. In an antitrust suit filed against Owens-Illinois Glass Co., it asked that the No. 1 U.S. glass-container maker (1955 sales: \$370 million) be forced to sell off National Container Corp., the No. 3 paper-container maker (1955 sales: \$95 million), acquired in a stock swap last October.

The trustbusters charged that the merger had made Owens-Illinois the top U.S. producer of shipping containers, giving it a "decisive competitive advantage" over smaller, single-line companies, and increasing the "tendency toward monopoly in the container field generally." Replied Owens-Illinois Chairman John Preston Lewis, grandson of the founder: "No antitrust violation was involved." In fact, said Lewis, the merger was necessary for effective competition, "enabling us to deliver at the lowest possible cost the glass jars, bottles, tableware and other materials we make."

Three Suits. The suit against Owens-Illinois was the third antitrust case against the container industry in three months. The Justice Department also wants Continental Can Co. to dispose of Hazel-Atlas Glass Co., the No. 2 U.S. glass-container maker, and Robert Gair Co., the No. 2 paper-container maker. Largely as a result of the mergers, Continental Can sales jumped from \$666 million in 1955 to more than an estimated \$1 billion in 1956, and the company passed its traditional rival, American Can Co., to become the No. 1 U.S. container maker.

Mergers have become epidemic in the container industry: 20 for Owens-Illinois, 11 for National Container before it merged with Owens-Illinois, 30 for Continental Can.

Simple Survival. The industry does not deny the trend, but many of its leaders argue that container mergers are a matter of simple survival. With plastics, foils and other new materials fast moving into the container field and taking over areas once dominated by the tin can and the glass jar, the oldtime companies must expand or be left behind. The company that sticks with one type of container could be stuck.

The outstanding holdout against industry-wide diversification is American Can Co., No. 1 tin-can maker, formerly top dog in the entire industry. Says American Can's President William C. Stolk: "We just don't want to acquire companies for the sake of expanding." But last year Canco expanded into fiber milk containers; this year it bought the Bradley Con-

NORTH POLE FLIGHTS from Los Angeles, San Francisco and Seattle to Europe probably will be started before summer by Pan American World Airways and Trans World Airlines. CAB examiner urged that the two U.S. airlines be certified to fly via Pole from West Coast, thus cut flight time to Europe by five to 15 hours. Scandinavian Airlines System now holds monopoly on route.

PRICE RISE will help pay for \$115 million expansion by Canada's International Nickel Co., world's biggest nickel producer. Company is boosting prices 9½¢ a lb., by 1960 will increase annual capacity by 50% to 385 million lbs. Inco is opening two big new mines in Mystery-Moak Lakes area of northern Manitoba, building concentrator, smelter, refinery, and city for 8,000 on site.

SMALL-BUSINESS AID from Government is being made available to many firms that were too big to qualify before. Under new rule, manufacturers with more than 500 workers will be eligible for government orders provided they are small in their field. But small companies with important place in their industry, e.g., a 300-man, highly specialized electronics maker, will not get help.

RETIRED WORKERS' benefits may be next big bargaining goal of U.A.W.'s Walter Reuther, a follow-up to guaranteed-annual-wage, cost-of-living escalator clauses. U.A.W. has named 15 geriatrics experts to work out program. Committee will call for better medical care, housing for retired workers.

D.C. TRANSIT SYSTEM. successor to Capital Transit Co., Washington's long-limping bus and street-car system, is finally getting on the track under new management after

tainer Co. and branched into plastic bottles. Unless the Justice Department wins its antitrust cases, chances are the container industry will go right on making bigger packages out of littler ones.

In another antitrust suit filed last week, the Justice Department accused Radio Corp. of America and its subsidiary, National Broadcasting Co., "of unlawfully combining and conspiring" to obtain TV stations in five of the nation's eight top markets. Specifically, said the trustbusters, NBC threatened last year to withhold its network affiliations (and guaranteed programming) from Westinghouse Broadcasting Co. stations unless Westinghouse swapped its radio and TV outlets in Philadelphia, the fourth-largest TV market in population and retail sales, for NBC's radio and TV stations in Cleveland (which, said the complaint, was the tenth market), plus \$3,000,000.

Replied NBC: "A jurisdictional dis-

being milked of millions by Financier Louis Wolfson (TIME, June 25). Company changed net loss of \$4,836 in September to \$92,986 profit in October, now is enjoying first big passenger upswing since 1950.

REFUGEE AIRLIFT is giving nonscheduled airlines biggest boom since Korean war. CAB has issued nonstops 29 permits for refugee flights, will soon approve 24 more. Every usable overwater craft will be pressed into service. So great is need that asking price for used DC-4s has jumped from \$550,000 apiece to \$600,000-\$650,000.

IRON-ORE shortage is forcing U.S. Steel Corp. to keep 50 of its Great Lakes ore carriers sailing to Jan. 1, and Army Corps of Engineers will hold Sault Ste. Marie locks open until then, instead of normal Dec. 15 close-down. But ore movement will drop to about 77 million tons from last year's 87 million tons. Reason: strikes by steelworkers and lake seamen.

NEW BOMARC MISSILE is set to go into large-scale production in spring. Planning final assembly plant for Air Force's long-range, ram-jet, supersonic missile. Boeing has option on \$22 million Ford Motor Co. plant at Richmond, Calif., is ready to spend \$20 million to \$25 million converting it, if zoning problems can be settled. Boeing also has option on large site around nearby Parks Air Force Base, may concentrate its missile output in San Francisco Bay area.

RENT-FREE LAND for industry is being offered by Montana's Blackfoot Indians on 1,697-sq.-mi. reservation near railroad, highways with ample electric power. Tribe wants to create employment source for 4,200 Blackfoot, now hard-pressed to make a living on their ancestral grounds.

pute between two agencies of Government, in which RCA and NBC have been caught in the middle." Last December the Federal Communications Commission approved the swap as being in the public interest. "Now," said NBC, "another branch of Government is trying to undo the action of the FCC."

OIL & GAS

A Word to the Wise

"People have told me for years there is no more opportunity left. They said a man is stymied: all the good things had been taken up. But we've parlayed an idea in six or seven years into millions." So said Dallas Geologist John A. Jackson last week as the biggest uncommitted natural-gas field in the U.S. was opened up by the Federal Power Commission. FPC approved the sale of 105 million cu. ft. of gas daily in the Wise County area of northern Texas to the Natural Gas Pipe-

THE HOUSING SLUMP

How Much Should the Government Help?

IN THE current credit pinch, the loudest howls are from the U.S. homebuilding industry. Construction of new houses dropped from a near-record 1,300,000 new homes in 1955 to an estimated 1,100,000 this year. The chief reason is that the lending market for low-interest Veterans Administration and FHA-insured mortgages has dried up. Housing starts with VA and FHA mortgages have plummeted 30% to 467,400 units v. only a 1% drop for homes without Government-guaranteed mortgages. Last week the big argument was over the U.S. Government's newest move to help builders by hiking the interest rate on FHA-insured mortgages from 4% to a maximum of 5% (TIME, Dec. 10).

Few builders—and fewer economists—look for much improvement from the new FHA rates. "The FHA move is a drop in the bucket," wired Levittown Builder William Levitt to President Eisenhower, adding politely, "but when your bucket is dry, even a drop tastes good." Low-interest VA and FHA mortgages simply cannot compete in the tight-money market where businessmen are paying interest rates of 5½% to 6% without a murmur. Even in the mortgage market itself, conventional, non-Government insured loans currently bring as much as 6% in many areas, are far more attractive to banks, life insurance companies and savings and loan associations.

In Los Angeles, for example, only the Bank of America still handles FHA loan packages in any quantity. Chicago's Merchants National Bank, which once had as much as 75% of its mortgage portfolio in VA and FHA homes, has cut them out entirely. As for life insurance firms, says President Maynard Harris of Boston's Franklin Savings Bank, "they are not going to invest in FHA when they can buy bonds yielding as much and buy conventional mortgages yielding more." Neither will savings and loan associations, which currently guarantee a 4% interest payment to depositors in some areas, thus must ask 6% to stay in business. Furthermore, the new rate may do as much harm as good. Instead of siphoning money away from businessmen, it may simply dry up completely the market for VA loans, which are still limited to 4½%. The Administration may ask Congress next month for permission to boost VA rates to 5%, but congressional approval is still in doubt.

Actually the Federal Reserve's decision last week to permit commercial

banks to pay 3% interest on savings accounts may prove a greater help to housing. By paying higher interest, banks will encourage saving, and thus increase the flow of lendable funds available to builders.

In any event, many builders feel that the Government's entire mortgage program should be overhauled. Among the ideas proposed: 1) a central mortgage bank created by the Government, which would operate much as the Federal Reserve does for commercial banking by making rediscount loans to regulate the fluctuating supply of credit; 2) a boost in the buying power of Fannie Mae, the Government's secondary mortgage-buying agency, from the current \$1.1 billion to \$4.5 billion; 3) more direct loans from VA to home buyers.

At the very least, builders hope for a flexible interest rate for Government-aided mortgages to make them more competitive with other loan demands. But one big trouble with a flexible-rate system is that Government mortgage rates would tend to rise with the market, might get so high that they would defeat the purpose of low-cost, Government-backed mortgages.

The biggest problem is not so much how to boost the building industry but whether any large-scale assistance is wise in today's inflated economy. Many thoughtful economists question the entire idea of pumping up housing credit at a time when the Federal Reserve is struggling mightily to hold down the boom. When housing was clipping along last spring, there were not enough materials to go around. Shortages developed and prices soared. Now that housing has slipped, prices for housing materials are coming down to earth again. Plywood has dipped some 26% from its March high, insulation materials are down about 3%.

The best hope for the housing industry is a general easing of the overall national-credit picture. Economists note that the rate of savings is climbing again after a year of downturn; there are also indications that business investment may level off temporarily in the third quarter of 1957, thus releasing more funds for mortgages. Moreover, conventional interest rates of 6% are approaching the cutoff point where they are so expensive that people may cut borrowing, which in turn would make VA and FHA loans look better to banks and other lenders. But until then, if tight credit is necessary for the good of the nation, builders may have to suffer like everyone else.

line Co. of America, one of the big U.S. gas distributors. To get the gas, Wise County to its own main line in Fritch, Texas. Natural Gas will pay \$32.1 million to build a 350-mile pipeline.

Well, Well, Well. Geologist Jackson first realized the potential of Wise County in 1948 while working as a consultant to oil companies drilling there. While some of the wells did not produce oil, they had gas. But no one knew whether there was enough gas in the field to make worthwhile to build a pipeline. Nevertheless, Jackson went to work to get to the market, persuaded a Wise County rancher to give him an 18-month option to drill three wells.

Jackson teamed up with Ellison Smith, a Dallas drilling contractor, got \$60,000 from Wise County landowners willing to take a chance. The first well came in with an estimated reserve of more than 100 million cu. ft. of gas, worth about \$500,000. But since the drillers had no customer for the gas, banks refused to lend money to drill the other two wells. Lone Star Gas, which also had gas wells in Wise County, offered to buy the well for a \$15,000, which Jackson refused. Disappointed, he went back to his consulting as a geologist.

The Big Break. The big break came a year later. Explains Jackson: "I went to Lubbock, Texas, and got into a conversation with a lease man in the coffee shop and told him about my Wise County gas. He mentioned the deal to a Denver fellow who then mentioned it in a conversation with an associate in Tulsa on the next day, and the man in Tulsa got in touch with a Chicago bookie, who had money into oil, and happened to be in Houston. It all didn't take over 10 days, and the bookie called me in Dallas."

The bookie hired Christie, Mitchell, Mitchell, Houston oil operators, to close on the deal. They liked it so much they bought out the bookie, capitalizing the operation for \$10 million, purchased mostly by C.M. & M., Waterford Oil, Riddell Petroleum Corp. and Houston Financier Bob Smith (TIME, May 1954), guaranteed Jackson and Miles of the new venture's gross. In two years Jackson and Miles leased 285,000 acres of the Wise County area, brought in 170 wells and 57 oil wells. They had a spectacular average of ten productive wells every dry hole, and have drilled on one-seventh of their leased land.

The Neighborly Way. But with C.M. & M. was ready to sell to National Gas Pipeline and asked FPC approval to run into trouble. Rival Lone Star fought the case before FPC for so long that C.M. & M. was faced with the expiration of its land leases upon which drilling had not started, thus might not have big enough gas potential to satisfy investors that the yield could supply gas for a long enough period. C.M. & M.'s answer was to throw a \$5,000 chicken barbecue last summer for Wise County landowners, and plain in neighborly fashion why they were so gas on their land was being held back. The disgruntled voices of Wise County



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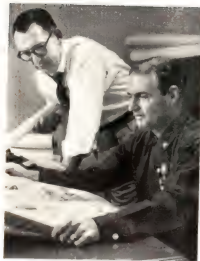
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Ford Frick

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GASMIEN JACKSON & MILES
Coffee-shop parlor.

were heard all the way to Washington, and last week the FPC granted its O.K.

Thanks to Jackson's plugging of his idea, C.M. & M. should make about \$150 million out of the gas fields. The land-owners of Wise County will pick up about \$1,000,000 a year in royalty payments. For their 5% interest, Partners Jackson and Miles will get \$300,000 a year apiece for at least the next 20 years.

LABOR

Retirement Haven

While a band played and an American Legion color guard clicked to attention, a flag was sent proudly aloft last week in a newly paved Florida plaza named for Betsy Ross, U.S. seamstress and upholsterer.* The ceremony marked the official opening of "Salhaven," a multimillion-dollar retirement community for Betsy Ross's latter-day followers, the Upholsterers International Union.

Located some 14 miles north of West Palm Beach, Salhaven was named after U.I.U. President Sal B. Hoffmann, who has spent \$2,500,000 of his union's welfare-fund profits to build a 634-acre community that will eventually cost \$5,000,000, house 500 union members and their families in 240 air-conditioned, completely furnished cottages and ten apartment lodges. Since Salhaven's residents will live primarily on their union pensions and social-security checks, they will have to pay only \$50 a month rent for a cottage with one bedroom. \$12 more for each additional bedroom. The one-room apartments will rent for \$35 a month. Residents will get free medical care in Salhaven's 32-bed convalescent hospital, swim in one of 15 pools, work off spare energy in a workshop fitted furniture for Salhaven's cottages and apartments.

* Betsy Ross's first husband, John, ran an upholstery shop on Arch Street in Philadelphia. When Ross was killed on patrol duty in January 1776, Betsy took over the business.

MANAGEMENT Problems & Challenges

When the 3,500 delegates to the 61st Congress of the National Association of Manufacturers met in Manhattan last week, their avowed theme was the "new dimensions" beckoning the modern businessman. But most of the N.A.M.'s attention was devoted to those perennial targets as union activity ("encroachment on individual rights") and big government ("The termites of welfare statism eat out the foundations of our society"). When it came to exploring the new dimensions, most of the talent was imported.

Translating the importance of NATO's future into business terms, retiring NATO General Alfred M. Gruenther told the businessmen: "What is at stake in the world today is the free-enterprise system. The Soviets realize that if this system can prevail, their system is doomed to failure." To meet Communist competition, said World Bank President Eugene R. Black, U.S. business must use "energy and imagination," to expand into the underdeveloped areas of the world.

Keith Funston, president of the New York Stock Exchange, envisioned a gross national product of \$600 billion by 1965, provided U.S. corporations can raise \$360 billion for expansion. Funston warned that the man who should supply \$30 billion of this amount—the private investor—is hindered by prohibitive taxes that have "locked in" \$300 billion in unrealized capital gains that could be used for new investments. Funston called the capital gains tax "one of the harshest penalties on success this country has ever devised," suggested tax liberalization to attract more funds for investment in the nation's business future.

Incoming N.A.M. President Ernest G. (for Goodnough) Swigert of Portland, Ore. also was troubled by the tax system.



N.A.M. PRESIDENT SWIGERT
Locked-in money.

"We must make a complete change in our whole theory of taxation. The tax system should be designed for raising revenue and not for reforming society," Swigert warned against adding to inflation by overstimulating production, cited "the ridiculous 1955 production race" of auto manufacturers.

An athletic 64, Swigert began his impressive business career in 1915, just out of Harvard, took time out to become a pilot in World War I, and in 1929 founded his own firm, the Hyster Co., which now employs 2,000, manufactures hoists, cranes and similar equipment. What does President Swigert think of next year's prospects for U.S. business? "I would be surprised if 1957 were as high as 1956," said he cautiously, "but I wouldn't be too surprised if I were wrong."

CORPORATIONS

Sight for Fairbanks, Morse

In the past five years Financier Leopold Dias Silberstein, 52, has swept up 20 companies into his Penn-Texas Corp., sometimes by stock swaps after a tough proxy fight. Last week, driving for his biggest prize of all, Chicago heavy-equipment maker Fairbanks, Morse & Co. (TIME, March 12), Silberstein ran into a brass-knuckled pier 6 brawl. The opposition came not from Fairbanks, Morse but from within Silberstein's own camp. In a New York Federal Court, dissident stockholders demanded an accounting of Silberstein's management.

Worrying the rebels was the fact that the market value of Penn-Texas stock has slumped from this year's high of \$19.62 to last week's \$12.37. Charged a leader of another dissident group, Attorney Alfons Landa (who is also chairman of the executive committee of Fruehauf Trailer Co., and holder of 1,400 shares of Penn-Texas): "This case is alarmingly similar to Sydney Albert's Bellanca [TIME, Oct. 22]. In Bellanca, Albert had a whole safe full of unissued shares,



PENN-TEXAS' SILBERSTEIN
Bare-knuckled brawl.

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which he traded for shares of other companies to gain control of them." Answered Silberstein: "We are not another Bellanca. We are very, very sound."

Good Deal. Silberstein and friends, said the protesting stockholders in the court complaint, bought 100,000 shares of Fairbanks, Morse for \$33 apiece, then sold them to Penn-Texas at \$43 for a personal profit of \$1,000,000. They further charged that Penn-Texas this year bought 300,000 shares of Fairbanks, Morse at an excessive price (\$45), raised the money by borrowing and by selling and leasing back Penn-Texas properties. As a result, they said, banks were threatening to call Penn-Texas loans.

In angry reply, Silberstein denied that he ever acted as middleman in the sale of Fairbanks, Morse stock to his own company. He admitted that Penn-Texas 1) sold off some of its properties and leased them back to raise capital and 2) bought Fairbanks, Morse stock for \$45. But he thought both were good deals, Fairbanks, Morse stock now sells for \$56, said he, and Penn-Texas is on solid financial ground, is not being pressed by the banks from which it borrowed, had nine-month earnings of \$4,811,000.

Family Feud. Seeing these figures, Penn-Texas stockholders at last week's annual meeting slapped down the dissidents, gave Silberstein more ammunition for future swaps by voting to double the company's stock to 10 million shares (of which Silberstein now owns but 20,000). In the flush of victory, Silberstein charged that the revolt in his ranks was a Fairbanks, Morse device to frustrate his designs on their company.

After a year's heavy buying, Silberstein interests now own more than 385,000 shares of Fairbanks, Morse's 1,372,125 outstanding, slightly more than the company's founding family, which still runs the company. The Morses are further weakened by a bitter family feud. Former President Charles H. Morse Sr. sold 15,000 shares to Silberstein, has given him an option to buy 27,220 more shares at the market price. Last week Morse's son, Charles Jr., resigned as the company's chief salesman to rail companies from Chicago to the West Coast, blaming his exit on "the substantial curtailment of our research and development program, particularly in diesel engines." Fairbanks, Morse stockholders also are restive, because in the last five years earnings slumped 41% to last year's figure of \$2,700,000, although sales advanced 31% in that period, to \$112 million.

Closing In. Silberstein, who likes to put on a coal miner's outfit when he visits Penn-Texas mining properties, is banking on this discontent to pay off at Fairbanks, Morse's next annual meeting, in March. At the last meeting he won four seats on the eleven-man board, with his supporters voted 431,492 shares to management's 836,546. The margin is much closer now. Said Silberstein last week: "I am confident that we and the stockholders opposed to present management now have control of Fairbanks, Morse."

PERSONNEL

New Boss for T.W.A.

After President Ralph S. Damon died last January, Trans World Airlines began to lose altitude. Without his firm and skilled hand, the net profit dropped 96.9% in the first nine months to only \$170,000 despite an 11% rise in operating revenue. Last week T.W.A. Owner Howard Hughes finally found the man he hopes will put T.W.A. out of its dive: Carter Lane Burgess, 39, Assistant Secretary of Defense for manpower.

Virginia-born and educated (Virginia Military Institute, '39), Burgess began his fast-moving career as a New York claims adjuster for the Liberty Mutual



CARTER BURGESS
His job is to regain altitude.

Life Insurance Co. He went into the Army in 1942 as a 2nd lieutenant, emerged three years later a colonel and secretary to the General Staff at SHAEE. After a spell in the State Department, he was assistant to T.W.A. President Jack Frye in 1946-47. When Frye quit to run General Aniline & Film, Burgess went along later was tapped to head a study of White House organization.

In 1954 Defense Secretary Wilson spotted Burgess—a Democrat-for-Eisenhower—and brought him full-time into the Administration as Assistant Defense Secretary. Manpower Expert Burgess worked out the Army's new Ready Reserve Program, headed the committee that wrote the post-Korean prisoner-of-war code. A hard-but smooth-working executive with a knack for grasping complicated ideas and reducing them to a two-sentence précis, Burgess won a reputation as one of the best administrators in Government. As administrator of the nation's fourth largest airline, Burgess will earn an estimated \$100,000 (including bonuses, stock participation, etc.) v. his present \$19,000 a year.



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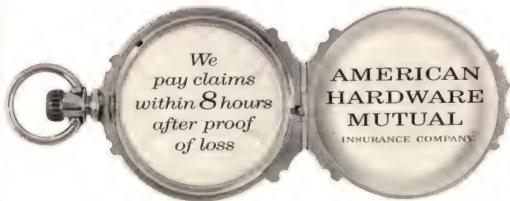


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MILESTONES

Married. Diana Lynn (real name: Dolores Loehr), 30, dimpled movie ingenue; and Mortimer Hall, 32, president and general manager of Hollywood radio station KLAC; both for the second time (his first: Cinema Siren Ruth Roman); in Tijuana, Mexico.

Died. James Crawford (Jimmy) Angel, 57, crash-scarred oldtime bush pilot who joined the Canadian Air Corps at 16 in World War I, afterward soldiered in China, stunted in Hollywood and in 1935 discovered Angel Fall, the world's highest (3,212 ft.) waterfall, while chasing down a gold mine over Venezuela; after six months in a coma following a cerebral hemorrhage suffered while he was recuperating after a plane crash; in Balboa, C.Z.

Died. John Philip (Phil) Weyerhaeuser Jr., 57, publicity-shy (since 1935, when his son George was kidnapped and ransomed for \$200,000) president of the \$300 million Weyerhaeuser Timber Co., the Northwest's largest (with 2,500,000 acres of timberland in Washington and Oregon), who pioneered selective cutting, tree farming, changed U.S. lumbering from a looters' pillage to a responsible business; of leukemia; in Tacoma, Wash.

Died. Dr. Bhimrao Ramji Ambedkar, 63, round-faced, tempestuous champion of India's 60 million untouchables and principal author of India's constitution (adopted in 1949), which makes discrimination against untouchables a crime; in New Delhi. Himself an untouchable (and thus so repugnant to some high-caste Hindus that his shadow was considered polluting), Dr. Ambedkar warred with Gandhi over the Mahatma's gradualism in righting caste discrimination, entered Prime Minister Jawaharlal Nehru's Cabinet as Minister of Law in 1947, resigned four years later in protest over delay in anti-caste legislation. Two months ago Hindu Ambedkar renounced his caste-perpetuating religion, claimed it stood for "inequality and oppression," led 300,000 followers in a mass conversion to Buddhism.

Died. Herbert Earle Gaston, 75, one-time (1939-45) Assistant Secretary of the Treasury, later (1949-53) head of the Export-Import Bank; in Los Angeles.

Died. Geoffrey Parsons, 77, longtime (1924-52) chief editorial writer for the New York *Herald Tribune*, who won the Pulitzer Prize (1942) for "clearness of style, moral purpose and power to influence public opinion"; in Manhattan.

Died. Princess Franziska Josepha Louise Augusta Marie Christiana Helena, 84, last surviving granddaughter of Queen Victoria, oldest member of Britain's royal family and longtime *grande dame* of London society, whose autobiography, *My Memories of Six Reigns*, was published last month; of bronchitis; in London.



The nation's first jet transport-tanker is in the air

First production model of the Boeing KC-135 jet transport-tanker is shown above on a test flight. The Air Force has announced that production will be stepped up to a rate of 20 per month earlier than originally planned.

The KC-135 is a sleek, swept-wing craft capable of speeds in the 500-mile-an-hour range. It will refuel jet bombers and fighters while flying eight miles or more above the earth—at speeds best suited to jet flight. It is a versatile aircraft, convertible in a matter

of hours from tanker into a military transport. As a transport it offers the full potential of jet-age operation for carrying personnel and critical cargo.

Design of the KC-135 is based on that of a prototype model which already has behind it more than two years of intensive flight testing. The KC-135 incorporates many design advances that could come only from such a flight test program. This experience background enabled Boeing to cut production time on the first KC-135

by 20 per cent under normal estimates for a first production model.

The new Boeing transport-tanker also benefits from the knowledge Boeing has gained developing and producing more than 1400 B-47 and B-52 multi-jet bombers, the backbone of the Strategic Air Command's nuclear weapons carrier forces. In the not too distant future, this team of revolutionary Boeing bombers will be joined by the newest Boeing jet, the KC-135 transport-tanker.

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Top Ten

The ten most-popular movie stars in the U.S. for 1956, according to a poll of film critics, theater owners and representatives of various public groups conducted by the trade publication *Boxoffice*:

- 1) Kim Novak
- 2) William Holden
- 3) Doris Day
- 4) Marilyn Monroe
- 5) Susan Hayward
- 6) Deborah Kerr
- 7) Marlon Brando
- 8) Frank Sinatra
- 9) Grace Kelly
- 10) Elizabeth Taylor

Biggest surprise on the list is platinum blonde Kim Novak, 23, who leaped into first place from nowhere. Unknown two years ago when Columbia began building her up to replace Rita Hayworth, she has made only six pictures, shot to the top in the last three—as the beautiful sister in *Picnic*, the slum-spawned girl friend of *The Man with the Golden Arm* and the socialite wife in *The Eddy Duchin Story*. Her next part: the title role in *Jeanne Eagels*.

The New Pictures

Anastasia [20th Century-Fox] is a name, derived from the Greek, that means "of the resurrection." It is also the curiously appropriate name of the youngest daughter of Nicholas II, last of the Cears of Russia. Many romantics fondly believe that Anastasia survived the slaughter of the royal family in a Siberian cellar in 1918, escaped with two members of the firing squad, and is living today, an indigent widow, near Stuttgart, West Germany. On Broadway, *Anastasia* was a financially successful attempt, made in 1954 to resurrect this legend in the dubious form of a Cinderella story, with undertones of the old amnesia plot. The play has now become a film vehicle for the resurrection of Ingrid Bergman as a major attraction at the box office. Moviegoers are likely to find the charm of these accumulated resurrections more than slightly wormy.

As Anastasia, Actress Bergman is a princess in distress. Nobody believes she is who she says she is, and even she herself, benumbed by the horrors of the revolution and her escape, is inclined to doubt her identity. The doubt is soon complicated by the fact that she is induced to impersonate herself by the wicked General Bouinine, a White Russian adventurer who would like to lay hands on the "Czar's fortune" deposited in the Bank of England. The spectator is thus caught in a dramatic paradox (virtue can triumph only if vice does) that keeps his mind engaged long after his emotions have stopped caring what happens to all the impudently nobility.

The actors, in general, make good use of their melodramatic opportunities. Yul Brynner is gloweringly glamorous as the



Leonard McCombe—LIFE

KIM NOVAK

A goddess in the making.

villain. Helen Hayes is effective as the Empress, but her work, like much about this picture, has been scanted by the inept direction of Anatole Litvak. Director Litvak made his worst mistake in connection with Ingrid Bergman. Her acting is competent, but only now and then toward the end of the picture, almost as if by accident, can the moviegoer see what he probably will want most of all to see on the screen: the fact that, seven years after her abdication as a movie queen, Actress Bergman is still remarkably lovely to look at.

The Sharkfighters [Samuel Goldwyn Jr.; United Artists]. "Sharks," says Lieut. Commander Victor Mature with some petulance as this picture begins, "got lousy table manners." It seems that



INGRID BERGMAN & YUL BRYNNER

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some unmannerly man-eaters dined on the commander's crew when their destroyer sank in the early days of World War II, and now Mature is grimly determined to make every carchariid in creation pay the reckoning. Assigned to accelerate research on shark repellents, Mature moves in on a sluggish school of scientists like a shovelnose on shrimp. Everything from poison to ultrasonics has been tried but only copper acetate and octopus juice seem to have much effect on the brutes. However, neither of these is strong enough. What to do?

While Commander Mature—for whom



VICTOR MATURE
Sharks got lousy table manners"

it seems to be much easier to catch an octopus than to pronounce it—strains his brains over a problem of chemistry that turns out to be about as difficult as mixing a highball, the moviegoer has plenty of time to enjoy the seascapes of Cuba, where the film was made, and to get monumentally bored by the story. Things pick up toward the end, though, when Actor Mature himself takes to the water to make the final test. For a little while, as the sharks circle closer and closer, there seems to be a very good chance that they will get him.

Woman of Rome (Ponti-DeLaurentiis; D.C.A.). In the novel by Italy's Alberto Moravia, the most important thing about La Romana is that she is a dark beauty who loves men and money. In the movie version, the most important thing about her is that she is played by Gina Lollobrigida. Gina's mother, an impoverished ex-model, leads her daughter into her old profession, hoping that it will lead Gina into an older and more profitable one. Mother proudly proclaims that "there was not a figure like Gina's in all Rome." As the movie opens, Gina strips in an artist's studio and poses. It is merely another proof that mother is always right. Soon men move into Gina's life. The



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first is a cad; worse, so far as mother is concerned, he is a chauffeur. When Gina learns that he will not marry her because he is already married, what is there for her to do? She is disillusioned, bursting with "physical exuberance," and full of motherly advice that she has a body to sell. She sells it. Comes the dawn, and Gina wants to die. Instead, she keeps going—from one man to another. The principal ones (the time is the mid-'30s) are a fascist police official, who loves her madly, a craven anti-fascist student, whom she loves madly, and a psychopathic brute, who makes love to her madly. All three lovers meet violent deaths, and at movie's end Gina is pregnant (by the student not, as in the novel, by the brute), to face the future alone.

By U.S. standards, *Woman of Rome* is an unusual movie, but its grey-toned *realismo* is hardly a match for the novel's. In its transposition to the screen, the story retains its rather sudsy plot but has lost the perceptive insights that stitched the novel into a meaningful tale. In fleeting images, however, the movie does at times catch the heroine's fatalistic amorality, the pathos of her situation, and even the sense that this ignorant girl has capacities of emotion surpassing those of her "respectable" lovers.

CURRENT & CHOICE

The Magnificent Seven. Blood and thunder in medieval Japan, with overtones of agrarian allegory, masterfully directed by the man (Akira Kurosawa) who made *Rashomon* (TIME, Dec. 10).

Marcelino. A miracle play filled with a shining sweetness, made in Spain by Director Ladislao Vajda (TIME, Nov. 26).

Vitelloni. One of the best of the Italian-made movies—a biting but not bitter satire of small-town life, by Federico Fellini, who directed *La Strada* (TIME, Nov. 5).

Around the World in 80 Days. Producer Mike Todd, with the help of Jules Verne, 46 stars and \$6,000,000, has created what is certainly the most spectacular travelogue ever seen on the screen (TIME, Oct. 29).

Wee Georgie. The stiffest comic punch the British have delivered since *High and Dry*—an intoxicating mixture of Scotch and wry; with Bill Travers, Alastair Sim (TIME, Oct. 20).

Giant. In a big (3 hr. 18 min.), tough picture based on Edna Ferber's best-seller about Texas, Director George Stevens digs the rowels of social satire into the soft underbelly of U.S. materialism; with Rock Hudson, Elizabeth Taylor, James Dean (TIME, Oct. 22).

Lust for Life. Perhaps the finest film biography of an artist (Vincent van Gogh) ever made in Hollywood; almost a hundred of Van Gogh's paintings are shown in full, illuminating color on the screen; with Kirk Douglas (TIME, Sept. 24).

War and Peace. An uneven but brilliantly pictorial treatment of Tolstoy's great novel, with some outstandingly good battle pieces; with Henry Fonda, Audrey Hepburn, Mel Ferrer (TIME, Sept. 10).



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BOOKS

Good to Look At

More readily than ever before the U.S. book buyer is paying handsomely for books that are big, beautiful and well-made. Most of them are picture books, especially art books, and they appear, naturally, in time for Christmas. Timing aside, some of them are excellent. Each of the following sampling can easily justify its publication, and even, in most instances, its price.

LEONARDO DA VINCI [518 pp.; Reynal; \$35] is one of those rare books that does justice to a man of genius. It is more than just big and beautiful, and its appeal does not stop with art lovers, for Leonardo may well have possessed the greatest creative intelligence in human history. The paintings alone (*La Gioconda*, *The Last Supper*, *Portrait of a Young Woman*) would have been quite enough to ensure his place in world art—and the major ones are here, in color, on pages large enough to illustrate his mastery, his humanity and his imaginative understanding. But the book also includes hundreds of drawings—the sketches for inventions that range from military catapults to flying machines, proof of his restless talents as anatomist, engineer, geographer, mechanical wizard. This volume, the work of many expert hands, explores the heart, the mind and the life of the foremost man of the Renaissance, and is worthy of its subject.

GREAT FLOWER BOOKS, 1700-1900, by *Sacheverell Sitwell and Wilfrid Blunt* [94 pp.; Collins; \$50], is one of the most beautiful as well as one of the most expensive books of the year. Its illustrations are the work of the great botanical artists of two centuries, and the flowers stand lushly on pages 1½ ft. high and more than

a foot wide. The book derives further elegance from the graceful and handsomely printed essays of Flower Enthusiasts Sitwell and Blunt.

KINGDOM OF THE BEASTS, by *Julian Huxley and W. Suschitzky* [159 pp.; Vanguard; \$12.50], is the next best thing to a safari, or long afternoons spent at a zoo. The photographs are unusually fine and Zoologist Huxley contributes crisp and informative notes as well as a highly readable essay on the mammal world.

OUR LITERARY HERITAGE, by *Vern Wyck Brooks and Otto Beltmann* [246 pp.; Dutton; \$8.50], makes up for its uninspired text by providing a rich collection of 500 drawings and photographs that add life and interest to U.S. letters, from Ben Franklin to Robert Frost.

ILLUSTRATIONS FOR THE BIBLE, by *Marc Chagall* (Harcourt Brace; \$25), is really a poem in etchings and lithographs (133 in all) to celebrate the myths and meanings of the Old Testament. The drawing is rough and bold, almost primitive, but intentionally so, to picture the time and to convey the responses of a driven people who found God in a harsh desert. Deliberate, also, are the Old Testament characters, made to look like medieval ghetto figures, and the animals that might have been drawn by cave dwellers to illustrate a great saga. These powerful, often dreamily tortuous drawings are full of the awe, the stern morality in which their origins were themselves steeped.

THE BIBLE IN ART [239 pp.; Phaidon; \$8.50] shares only occasionally Chagall's restless habitat between ecstasy and agony. It is a spectrum of art, inspired by Old



LADY WITH AN ERMINE, from *Leonardo da Vinci*, a portrait of a 17-year-old Milanese beauty, shows painter at his peak.

Christmas with Mr. Eliot

THE CULTIVATION OF CHRISTMAS TREES —T. S. Eliot—Farrar, Straus & Cudahy [51 pp.; \$1.25].

This is less a book than a Christmas card. With the help of some singularly uninspiring illustrations, the publishers have contrived to stretch the American edition of T. S. Eliot's first poem since *Four Quartets*—all of 34 lines long—into a book of ten pages. Eliot at Christmastime, as might be expected, is no Dickens. He opens magisterially: "There are several attitudes towards Christmas"—and proceeds to plead for the child's attitude. He cannot, of course, help noticing the cosmic worm in the plum pudding ("The awareness of death, the consciousness of failure"). But on the whole he is pleasant, his rhymeless phrases are more precisely tooled than Christmas tree ornaments, and the total effect is that of a very small and shaded candle.

It is not the first time that a poem of Eliot's has been stretched a bit. It also happened with *The Waste Land* (433 lines) and its famed notes (217 lines). In the *Sewanee Review*, Eliot reveals: "When it came to print *The Waste Land* as a little book . . . it was discovered that the poem was inconveniently short, so I set to work to expand the notes, in order to provide a few more pages of printed matter . . . They became the remarkable exposition of bogus scholarship that is still on view today. I have sometimes thought of getting rid of these notes; but . . . they have had almost greater popularity than the poem itself . . . I regret having sent so many enquirers off on a wild goose chase after Tarot cards and the Holy Grail."



EVE IN EDEN, from *Glory of Romanesque Art*, shows her picking the forbidden

fruit. The sculpture is part of a stone lintel from cathedral at Autun, Burgundy.



STRELITZIA, the bird-of-paradise flower, from *Great Flower Books*, was drawn by famed 18th century Artist Francis Bauer.

SOLOMON, from Chagall's *Illustrations for the Bible*, depicts divine vision in which the king is promised an "understanding heart."

Testament themes, that begins with paintings from the Roman catacombs and covers more than 14 centuries before it comes to rest with the all but serene Biblical painting of Rembrandt. The contrasts are fascinating: between the somber faith of the Spaniards and the Gallic directness of the French, the controlled warmth of the Italians and the austere faith of the Germans. It is a brilliant sampling that shows, among other things, how national character, as well as time and place, alters the face of Christian art.

BEFORE BARBED WIRE, by Mark H. Brown and W. R. Fenton (254 pp.; *Holt*; \$10), draws on the work of L. A. Huffman, who was perhaps the best of the photographers who tried to document the old West. Here are 124 splendidly direct and realistic pictures devoted to cowboy country and life in the '80s and '90s. Informative text—a fine piece of Americana.

THE ANATOMY OF NATURE, by Andreas Faininger (168 pp.; *Crown*; \$5.95). These pictures of a great photographer prove that the camera eye has better vision than the human eye. A celestial galaxy is caught, and a sense of vast mystery with it; a nautilus in cross section conveys the wonder of architecture in a simple skeleton. Technically remarkable.

THE GLORY OF ROMANESQUE ART (351 pp.; *Vanguard*; \$15). In the minds of many visitors to France, what lingers longest is the richness of its Romanesque architecture, the combination of religiosity and dedicated workmanship that lives in



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Chartres, at Mont St.-Michel in Vézelay. These 271 photographs are rich evidence of the legacy left by the great architects and sculptors of 11th and 12th century France; the marriage of mass and grace, of glory to God and man's determination to create for posterity.

ATLAS OF THE BIBLE (165 pp.; *Nelson*; \$15) actually lends a new dimension to Bible reading. Its maps pinpoint the geography of Old and New Testament history; its hundreds of photographs lend a sense of life to the setting; its synthesis and summary of archaeology and Bible history put a firm floor of factual meaning under the text of the Bible itself.

PICASSO, by Frank Elgar and Robert Maillard (315 pp.; *Proeger*; \$5), is as ingenious as it is instructive. It follows the great Spaniard's endlessly experimental career from boyish leanings on older masters to the unpredictable individualism of old age who still defies simple analysis. The book does this in parallel critical and biographical commentaries that are expertly illustrated by the pictures appropriate to each page. A valuable attempt and this year's real bargain among art books.

FROM VICA TO INDIOS, by Werner Bischof, Robert Frank and Pierre Verger (77 pp.; *Universe*; \$10), and **TIE ANDS**, by Claude Arthaud and François Hébert-Stevens (185 pp.; *Vanguard*; \$12.50), contain some of the year's best photographs. Peru and the Andes generally run to pure drama, in nature as in man. A child, an old woman, a street scene become as majestic in the work of these cameramen as the towering mountains.

LIVING DESERT: AND AFRICAN LION (73 pp. and 75 pp.; *Simon & Schuster*; each \$10) are taken from the vivid True-Life films made by Walt Disney. These are some of the most exciting animal pictures ever made—the snake caught as he stalks his prey, the lynx brought to bay atop a towering cactus, the lion arrogantly sizing up his observer. For the text of *Desert* the line-up of writers includes such first-rate names as Marcel Aymé, Albert Camus, François Mauriac, André Maurois.

LUIGI GIULIO, by Romano Koppelman (457 pp.; *Putnam*; \$10), is probably the most thorough study yet made of Ghiberti, the great Florentine master in bronze. Like many an artist of



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his time (15th century), he was a canny businessman, a humanist of many interests. Recently, his claim to genius was further burnished when the bronze doors of the Baptistery in Florence were cleaned to let his massive skills shine forth. The variety and richness are dazzling: floral decorations of great delicacy, Biblical figures running a noble gamut of facial expressions, the metal exquisitely worked with a poet's imagination.

Concerto

THE FOUNTAIN OVERFLOWS (435 pp.)—Rebecca West—Viking (\$5).

A few years ago, "watching our marmalade cat drink a saucer of milk," Rebecca West thought how nice it would have been to have had hair the same color. For no particular reason, she went on to think, "I would like to have been a musician." A few seconds later, she had made a resolution. "I am going upstairs to write a short story about a musical family," she told her husband, retired Banker Henry Maxwell Andrews.

The short story grew into a 150,000-word novel which marks Author West's return to full-length fiction after two decades of critical and topical treatises (*A Train of Powder*, *The Meaning of Treason*). It is also a return to the world of her childhood, when hansom cabs rolled London's streets, and children, shopping with mothers whose skirts trailed to the cobblestones, stared gook-eyed at the blazing naphtha flares of the foggy street markets. At the center of this scene stands the marmalade cat—metamorphosed into ruddy-haired Cordelia Aubrey, pathetic child victim of the musical muse.

Tombs of Ogres. Cordelia's mother is a former concert pianist who takes for granted that music is the staff of life. "I wonder what instrument you are going to play?" is the only question she asks of Richard, her infant son. Richard chooses the flute almost before he can walk; his older sisters, Rose and Mary, are already pianists who deem a summer well spent if they have passed it "infatuated with arpeggios." Cordelia, eldest of the four, plumps for the violin, and while her heart is always in the right place, her fiddle bow never is. As for their father, Piers Aubrey, he is a frustrated and debt-ridden minor genius. So, visitors to the Aubrey home usually find Mrs. Aubrey at the door assuring angry tradespeople in her musical voice that her husband is not at home. Mr. Aubrey hiding in his study writing a scathing survey of national economics, and four children filling the air with a piano duet, a flute solo and an excruciating violin.

But *The Fountain Overflows* is no farcical satire on an eccentric family.⁶ On the contrary, told from the inside through the lips of daughter Rose, it is the story of a family that believes heart and soul

⁶ Author West's own family background shows remarkable similarities: she was also the daughter of her novel the third daughter, she was a concert pianist and an itinerant journalist with a talent for money trouble.

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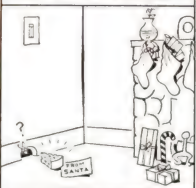
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in the eccentricity of the rest of the world and the normalcy of itself. Other children have pets, but the Aubreys, who prefer "made-up" animals, go daily to empty stables and feed imaginary horses with nonexistent sugar. Their dingy surroundings in South London never depress them, because they know that the isolation hospital, the workhouse and the sewage farm are really "the tombs of ogres which had been found lying here after a rout of ogre forces in a battle."

Dialogues of Dolls. As spelled out by Rebecca West, the tragedy of genius is that there is no way of judging whether it is real or illusory. When father Aubrey, for instance, takes balloons and other airborne things quite seriously, even his best friends fear that he will go round the



NOVELIST WEST
Off key.

bend unless he takes a complete rest. Misguided Cordelia, on the other hand is believed by her schoolteacher to be an infant prodigy. Obsessed with convictions of her own genius, she fiddles madly before audiences of ardent ignoramuses. When at last a tough old professional assures her that she is no good and never will be, Cordelia runs to her bedroom clutching a bottle of poison. Downstairs, her father's study stands empty. Frayed to the breaking point by the scorn of commonsensical people, father Aubrey has left his wife and family flat and run away like a hunted animal.

The Fountain's fatal weakness is an unnatural and very unmusical style of dialogue. Modeled on Victorian storybooks for young readers (e.g., "Children, is it not about this time that the lapegieria comes out at Kew?"), it makes all the characters, without exception, sound like awkward, clockwork dolls. Too bad, because Rebecca West's descriptions of period colors, clothes, homes and mealtimes recapture the world of half a century ago as brightly as a painted canvas.

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MISCELLANY

With the Bathwater. In Longxuyen, Viet Nam, cops arrested Sorcerer Nguyen Van Do for murder, got an explanation: with his professional reputation at stake after he had failed to cure an addled old farmer of his insanity, Van Do had resorted to a surefire cure, dunked the patient in boiling water.

Break, Haggie & Roll. In Cincinnati, Used-Car Dealer Don Melch touted 17 cars, got rid of five in one day after he advertised:

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Clang, Clang, Clang. In San Francisco, after he crashed into the rear of an auto, backed up, clobbered the car twice more, police arrested George Latta, charged him with operating his streetcar while intoxicated.

As I Wander. In Charleston, W. Va., arrested for petty larceny when police found her carrying a suitcase stuffed with four sheets, four pillow cases and two towels belonging to the DuPont Hotel shortly after she checked out, Nora May Miller burred: "Why, I wonder how all that got there?"

Weight of Evidence. In London, after her auto turned turtle, outsized (217 lb.) Housewife Pat Wilkins was fined \$28 for reckless driving despite her explanation: "I'm really a very careful driver, but there was just so much weight on one side of the car that it overturned."

Backfire. In Chicago, after he burghed the Waltz Inn, got \$6.95 and a .25-cal. automatic, Charles J. Walsh took the loot to a friend's house, accidentally shot himself in the leg while gloating over the gun, confessed all to cops who arrived to investigate the ruckus.

Dual Exhaust. In Union City, N.J., pinched after he narrowly missed running down a cop, Motorist Chester J. Bronski pleaded not guilty of careless driving, alibied that the cigar he had smoked after slugging down four beers had made him dizzy, was fined \$25 anyway for "driving while under the influence of a cigar."

Put Them All Together. In Turin, Italy, when police arrived to quiet a family quarrel, they got an explanation from outnumbered Bridegroom Antonio Guglielmo: just before the wedding his wife admitted that she wasn't a spinster but a widow with two children, then "finally she admitted that . . . she really had three children, not two. Then as time went by she seemed worried once more . . . and there were four children, not three . . . and then five children, not four . . . I was concerned about the speed of the family's growth."

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